

SHADOWS

CREIGHTON

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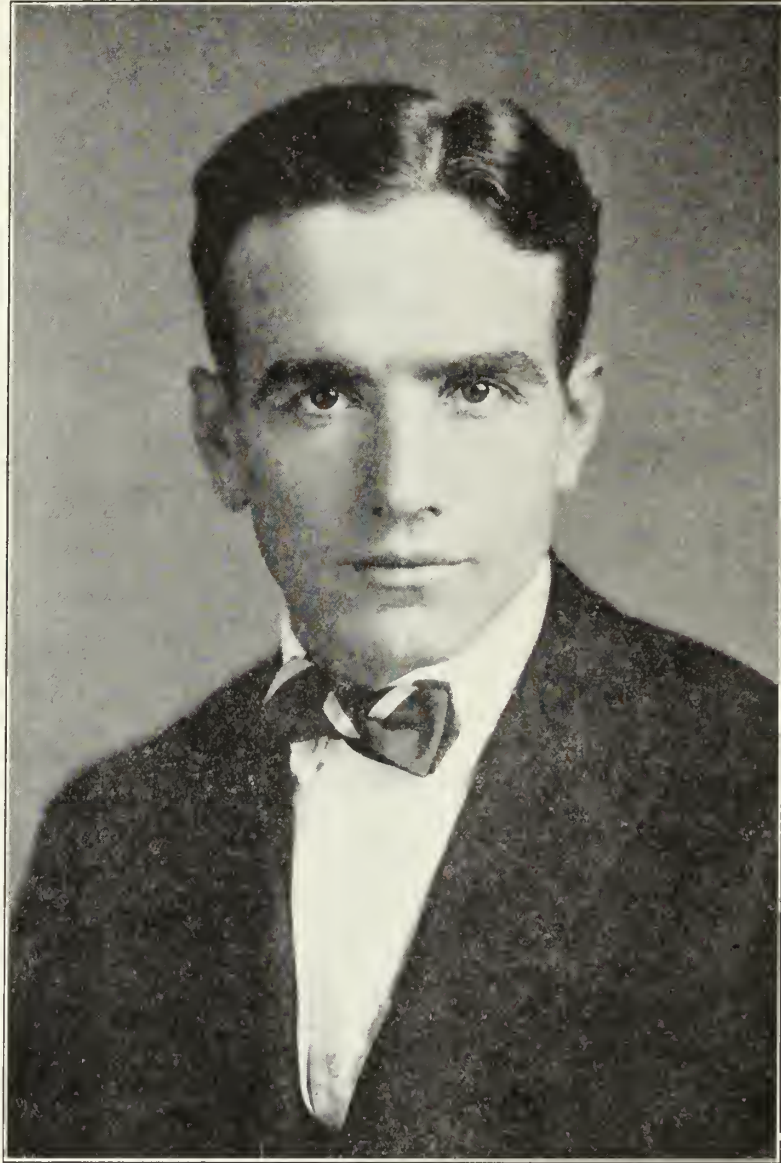
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CONTENTS

Frontispiece—"Chet" Wynne.....	6
Taking the Shift Out of Football.....Chet Wynne.....	7
"Have You Got It?" What? Spring Fever.....Hugh A. Fogarty.....	9
Laetare!.....Alvin H. Goeser.....	10
When the Idol Falls—?.....Claire Parks.....	12
Mental Hygiene.....Thos. H. Houlton, M. D.....	15
Jazz.....Le Roy Louis Buck.....	17
Modern English.....J. Emmett Grant.....	20
Nebraska's Own.....Gene Vana.....	22
The Blotto Boys at Button Hall.....Hugh M. P. Higgins.....	24
Illegal.....Harry Welch.....	26
Bigger and Better.....Lawrence Tobin.....	28
The Hall of Fame.....	29
The Magician.....Jean McGrath.....	30
The Court Room and Its Spectators.....Louis Rambour.....	32
Contest Announcement.....	34
Editorial.....	35
The Situation in Mexico.....G. Peter Skow.....	36
Silhou-jests.....Harry T. Welch.....	39
Poetry and Miscellaneous	



CHESTER A. WYNNE,
Head Coach of Football and Track

SHADOWS—

The Creighton University Magazine

XVIII

MARCH, 1927

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Taking *the Shift* Out of Football

CHET WYNNE

THE shift in football has caused more comment this year than all the other angles of our great game since the inauguration of the forward. The football authorities differ as to the origin of the shift, but old Doc Williams of Minnesota was the first if not the first, to use the line shift successfully. There is no follower of football who has heard of the famous Minnesota shift. Dr. Spears, at West Virginia, had great success with the line and he has been using it at Minnesota the last years. Howard Jones, while at Iowa, won the college two successive years using a line shift. Line are made with the sole purpose of concentrating strength quickly before the defense can properly be met or re-enforced.

The backfield shift, which is a distinct product of Notre Dame football, has been used at that institution fifteen years. The backfield shift is used with a purpose, that of concentrating power quickly, so for deception. During the four years I worked at Rockne, he did not even insinuate in his teaching that a backfield should take advantage of the defense being in motion. In fact, he always spent time in insisting that his backfield come to an honorable stop complying with the rule. Deception was the prime object in the shift, and a great portion of my coaching period was spent in perfecting fakes and misleading gyrations that would cover up the real

intent and distract the defense, pulling them away from the core of the play. Shifting linemen in motion work more havoc with the defense than backs in motion because the line must be stopped before the backs can be reached, regardless of what type of offense is employed. The secret of a good offensive lineman, assuming that he has mastered the details of charging, is getting the jump on the defense, and so it follows that a lineman in motion has a tremendous advantage over his defensive opponent.

Nevertheless, the comment and criticism first started over the Notre Dame backfield shift in about 1920, and the following year when Notre Dame met the Army. Major Daily, coach at West Point then and a member of the National Rules Committee, claimed the shift was illegal and brought such pressure to bear on the officials that we were not permitted to use the shift during the second half. So it is that humiliation rather than illegality caused the first real tampering with the rules pertaining to the shift.

The rule then stated that in all shift plays the feet must be stationary at the time the ball is put in play. It was changed the following year, stating that the feet must not only be stationary but there must be no momentum in the direction of the opponent's goal; and now the present rule states that if there is any doubt in the minds of the officials as to whether or not the

shifting players came to a full stop the penalty of five yards shall be enforced.

The Big Ten Conference has placed a two second stop on all shift plays, while the Missouri Valley has stated that the shifting players shall stop one full second and that three men in the backfield must have at least one hand on the ground, thus doing away with all opportunity for deception. I think that such ruling by any conference is entirely out of its jurisdiction, and if a single member of such conference objects I do not see how it could be embodied in the rules since we have a National Rules Committee for that purpose. If the various conferences continue to make their own special rulings as they have the past few years, the game will be different in each locality and even more inunderstandable to the average spectator than it is now.

PERHAPS interesting to some, but exceedingly disgusting, is the source of these changes. For instance, Minnesota could not get a game at the schedule meeting of the Big Ten last December for one reason alone, and that in the language of the collegian—they were just too tough. Michigan remembered well their narrow and miraculous escape from the last Minnesota game, and the dominating coaches of the Big Ten (who are about three in number) engaged in heated arguments with the more or less weaker ones and finally forced the shift out by placing a two second stop rule on it. In other words, if Minnesota would use a simple offense that her opponents could understand and stop, they would be given games. Thus the change was made, alleviating a temporary condition for the satisfaction of two or three selfish coaches whose position in the football world was being threatened, in order that they might proceed successfully with their more or less antiquated tactics. Thus they showed that the irrefutable law of self preservation still holds sway. The Missouri Valley changed the rule because they had a meeting, and something must be done, you know, at meetings, so they proceeded to ape the other unauthorized rule menders. I thoroughly disapprove of changes in the football rules when they are obviously made from selfish motives. The game is bigger than any faction or group of coaches and shouldn't be changed to satis-

fy the small minority in order that they may retain what prestige they have.

ALL of the football enthusiasts and a great majority of the coaches throughout the country are opposed to the curbing of the offense and are desirous of seeing the offensive team given more latitude than they now have. The restriction placed on the forward pass has proven a failure. At least it is negligible and had no effect on the game except to make it more complicated and give the officials another chance to throw the offensive team for a loss. It also resolves itself into this: That when one team concentrates on any phase of the game and develops the possibilities so that they become superior, then the coaches that follow the beaten path want the rules changed so that the game is kept within their range or ability to win it properly.

There has been some agitation concerning the point after touchdown. Some maintain that the game is too easy to score this way and too many tie games result. Others insist that it is unimportant and that the point after touchdown shouldn't be allowed to decide any football game. It is not important from a spectator's view point and regardless of what may be done has no effect on the offensive or defensive tactics of the game itself. I'm inclined to favor the abolition with less restriction on the offense so that the winning team would have at

COACH WYNNE SAYS:

"HUMILIATION rather than illegality caused the first real tampering with the rules pertaining to the shift." If the various conferences continue to make their own special rulings as they have the past few years, the game will be different in each locality and even more inunderstandable to the average spectator than it is now Minnesota could not get a game at the schedule meeting of the Big Ten last December for one reason alone, and that in the language of the collegian—they were just too tough Thus the shift change was made, alleviating a temporary situation for the satisfaction of two or three selfish coaches whose position in the football world was being threatened, in order that they might proceed successfully with their more or less antiquated tactics.

a margin of a field goal or touchdown.

Football in our big conferences will never be too highly commercialized because between the athletic director and coach a balance is preserved. The athletic director looks for an easy schedule to land at the top, and the athletic director looks for attractive and popular teams (and of course they are the good ones) to fill the schedule and in this way they maintain a rather representative schedule from year to year. The Big Ten are having much trouble making their schedules, that in a year or two a commission will be appointed to arrange the schedules, just as Commissioner John Griffith appointed all their officials. Too much of a cut-throat competition now prevails, and all the teams are maneuvering to arrange a schedule that is ideal from all angles.

(Continued on page 41)

"Have You Got It?"

What? Spring Fever!

HUGH A. FOGARTY

NINE out of five have it!

What is it?

It's the universal malady that makes babies cry, that compels youngsters to complete the all-important work of wrecking their Christmas trains, that creates in adult youngsters the urge to run away from home and roam the boundless western prairies, that makes the work of lifting a stack of porterhouse seem like a strongman act to the over-sighing adolescent, that makes the full grown, super-six executive rummage through the trunk closet for his, plus four favorite niblick, that reminds the old of olden days and that gives the editors of college magazines a catchy title for their spring number. It's spring fever, and boy, oh boy, what it doesn't do to the inhabitants of the great American campus!

They tell us that there are four seasons — summer, fall, winter and spring—and the first mentioned is the best of all. Why? Because we participate in it with the maximum of joy and gracefulness and the sufferings of its demise with the minimum of sorrow. It's great to look forward to, and great to look back upon, but any veteran of Chateau Thierry or Belleau Woods will tell you that he'd rather try to lie in a "big berth" single-handed and sleep in a trench barn, both in the same afternoon, than wade through these three months of temporal punishment on earth. So buck up and guzzle your sassafras tea like a man (or woman as the case warrants). Let it come in like a lion and go out like a lamb, or vice-versa, and let it bring its spring fever with it. Conciliate yourself to three months of weeping and gnashing of teeth. (All over sixty-seven you'll be exempted from the last-mentioned. But they

can at least weep and wail like the rest of us). Then look forward with patient eyes to those happy summer days when spring fever shall be but a memory.

Spring fever is hard to define. It's an annual disease and a universal plague. All ages, all classes, all creeds, all colors and political parties—even members of honorary scholastic fraternities—are subject to it. As

unwelcome as a moth's convention at a style show, it drags us (yes, I repeat, it drags us) away from our studies. As irritating as the buckwheat itch in July, as insidious as halitosis, as aggressive as a Pelman graduate, as hard on the heart as a junior prom date, as hard on the nerves as the sight of a scratching dog, and as tough on the appetite as a visit to a restaurant kitchen, it combines all the horrors and ghastly agonies of the guillotine and the rack, with the slow, maddening tortures of listening to the fat lady in the box munch shelled peanuts while the chauffeur

hero makes ardent love to his employer's beautiful daughter. It's something in the atmosphere that makes a collar and tie seem out of place and entirely superfluous, makes us wish we were where we aren't, were what we aren't and were someone we aren't.

Statistics show that there are 105,710,620 humans living within the confines of this great nation of "ouren." Of this rather large sum, there are at present 105,709,620 now suffering the initial attack of spring fever, 1927 edition. The other thousand are the "col-litch" guys that went bareheaded all winter. Physicians state that they, too, will contract it as soon as they thaw out.

The principal effect of the universal malady on college students, doctors state, is a general lack

(Continued on Page 42)

NATURALLY you are interested in the malady which sweeps the campus at this time of the year and lends its name and spirit to our spring number. In keeping with the occasion *Shadows* presents the diagnosis and therapeutics of Spring fever by a staff-member who refuses to say whether he writes as a physician or as a sufferer.

Laetare!

By ALVIN H. GOESER

THE Laetare Medal in the south reception room of the College of Arts is one of the most cherished possessions of The Creighton University. It was at one time a memoir and an ideal: a memoir of Count John A. Creighton, one of the noble founders of the University; and an ideal, upheld by this founder, to which every true child of Creighton aspires.

"Laetare," meaning "Rejoice," is the name of the middle Sunday of Lent, on which the Church encourages its children to rejoice because Lent is half over. The first word of the missal of that Sunday, is "Laetare." The Laetare medal was thus named because on that Sunday, Notre Dame University, its giver, announced to whom the distinguished gift would be presented for that particular year. It was to be given to the most distinguished Catholic of the United States, be he poor or rich; a divine, a literateur or of any other vocation, as long as he had especially distinguished himself in Catholic service.

In the house chronicle of Creighton University, we read an entry under date of Tuesday, May 1, 1900, recounting how the Rev. A. Morrissey, president of Notre Dame University had arrived to present the Laetare Medal to the Honorable John A. Creighton. What a solemn day and memorable time this was for Creighton University, we, separated by distance of time and place, can hardly understand and realize. The old chronicle, with its impressive honesty tells us that the ceremony had occasioned the installation of a permanent system of electric lights in the house library, parlors, and corridors leading to the Creighton entertainment hall.

Our record would not be complete without a word

about this miniature auditorium. It was a large room over the present chemical laboratory and is now divided into four classrooms. It contained a small altar, an exact replica of one now in the student chapel, and was used on Sundays as a chapel, the worshippers entering on the west side. When Creighton presented an entertainment, the altar was moved into the corridor through two large folding doors, which are still present. The audience on such occasions entered on the east side.

It was in this hall, on Tuesday evening, May 1, 1900, that the clergy of the University and special friends of Count Creighton assembled for the presentation of the Laetare Medal. The Dimick Orchestra opened the program with an Overture "Echoes from Ireland," by Scheepgrell. The Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., president of Notre Dame, presented the Medal. The Hon. Wm. J. Onahan, L. L. D., K. S. G., of

Chicago, also a Laetare Medalist, expressed the congratulations, and the Rev. M. P. Dowling, president of Creighton, gave the closing address.

WE have deliberately delayed speaking about the acceptance address by John A. Creighton, Knight of St. Gregory. The kindly chroniclers have, it seems, somewhat dressed the truth in speaking of this. Father Dowling recalls it more elegantly than it was spoken. He tells us in his "Reminiscences of Creighton" that the Honorable Count, with a brief and elegant speech accepted the medal. In "Creighton" by Fr. P. A. Mullens, S. J., we read that "When he arose to make the speech of acceptance, he seemed all atremble, his voice shook with emotion, and he could make great

WHEN Count John A. Creighton was presented with the famous Laetare Medal, his speech of acceptance was exactly seven words long: "I thank you for the gift, gentlemen."

The medal was conferred on Count Creighton, May 1, 1900. It now reposes in the South Reception Room of the College of Arts and Sciences. "It is still waiting," says the writer of this article "to inspire all with the ideals it represents—it is still an unfinished chapter in the history of Creighton University."

an acknowledgement only in a few faltering accents." The same chronicler, however, in a previous paragraph, hints more correctly at the truth. He describes Count Creighton as "a modest, humble man, who would rather face a hostile regiment than address a friendly audience."

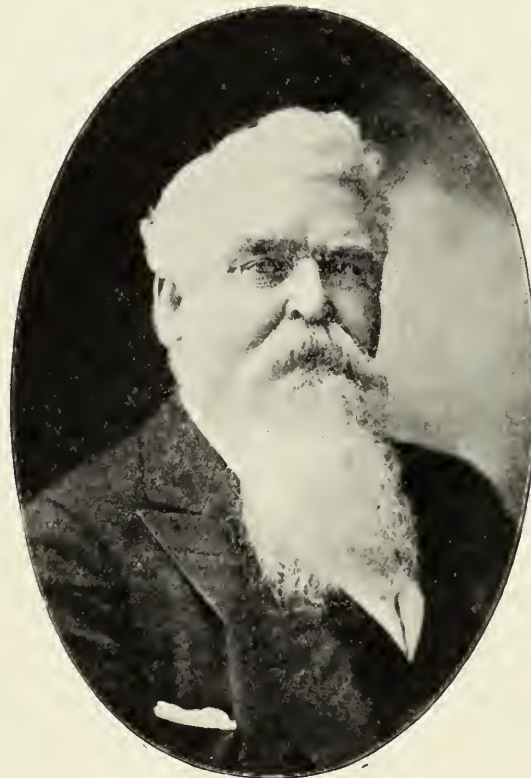
But we want the exact truth. We wish to know our honorable Founder as he really was. We want him human, not a paragon of all perfection, but a noble man, with his natural shortcomings which endear him to us because they are a part of his real nature.

Father Rigge, Creighton's own kindly Padre, who was one of the four Jesuits who came to Omaha to found Creighton, and who was present at the presentation ceremony, has told proudly the exact truth of the acceptance address.

It seems that Count Creighton had a natural aversion to the platform. As he was destined on this occasion to be present on that fearful place, he seemed to be in a most pitiable agony during the entire program preceding his talk. He was inexpressibly nervous, wringing his feet, coughing, twitching, and shuddering like a guilty child about to meet its offended father. But why should he fear? He had an elegant speech prepared. It consisted of seven words, "I thank you for the gift, gentlemen." He had memorized and drilled it. He was to give it eloquently. When his time came, he arose and tremblingly began. He got half way through it, but had forgotten the other half, and so took his seat.

The audience applauded vehemently. They gave him a rousing ovation. They had seen the real man, too noble, too humble, too tender and kind to put in long and eloquent words the deep emotions which he felt. Before them was our Founder, one we can love and cherish for all times, and whom we resent to have presented to us in any other nature but his own.

During the reception and luncheon which took place in the parlors after the program, the noble Count was himself again. He had forgotten his stage fright, and so with his many humorous stories and anecdotes he entertained his guests most eloquently. He was the light of the entertainment.



COUNT JOHN A. CREIGHTON

ALTHOUGH the old chronicler here ends its entry for the day ("the orchestra played far into the night,") the day does not end for us. It is still with us, not only in the works of that man who was so highly honored on this Sunday, but likewise in the Medal which was presented him because of his works. This Medal, presented to Creighton University, in June, 1914, by Thomas J. McShane, still hangs in the south parlor of the College of Arts, a silent reminder of a noble man, whose tender charity and love made possible the student's Alma Mater. It is still waiting, although forgotten, to inspire all with the ideals which it represents—it is still an un-

finished chapter in the history of Creighton University.



AFTERMATH

Sweet love, remember, brings
 Surcease to weary wings
 That now may only flit and play
 With memories of yesterday.
 So thoughts of one enchaining scene
 May sweeten all life's flitting dream

And deeds which seem to have no morrow
 May sprinkle good past life's last hour.
 For short alone is beauty's lust
 Its end is coupled with the dust
 But character may richer be
 When soul has flown eternity.

—Allen Ardell.

When *the* Idol Falls—?

By CLAIRES PARKS, *Duchesne*, '29

“HE hasn’t a chance, and there isn’t a court in the country that could convict you.”

The speaker was Mr. James Barker, a prominent Chicago lawyer. His client, Mr. Allen Handler was a young man of thirty-five, medium height, well dressed and handsome. He seemed nervous and uneasy as he listened attentively while the lawyer spoke. When Barker had finished, he walked over to the window and stood staring down on the crowded street below, evidently oblivious of everything about him. Finally he turned sharply to the lawyer and said,

“Why should they accuse me of such a thing? I’ve worked harder for that man than for any of my patrons and haven’t charged him a cent. This will be a great anxiety to my wife. I have never mentioned it to Cele, but now I suppose I’ll have to. Every one knows that I am innocent, but it will worry her.”

“Just convince her that it will be all right. There isn’t a doubt but that you will win the case,” Barker assured him.

Handler took his hat from the desk and walked over to the door. “Well, I had better hurry home or Cele will have already heard of the scandal. Good-by, Barker, I’ll see you again before Saturday.”

AN hour later Handler’s Chrysler roadster turned into the driveway of a neat, well-kept house. As usual, his pretty young wife was at the gate to meet him.

“Cele,” he blurted, “I must tell you some bad news. Now please don’t be worried.” He spoke rapidly. “I was talking to Barker this afternoon, and he assured me that I would come out on top.”

He handed her the newspaper. She gasped and turned pale as she read the headline.

“Prominent Broker Accused of Swindling Young Brodie Heir out of \$50,000.”

The newspaper dropped from her hand. She could read no further.

“They are accusing you!”

“It was like this”, Handler began. He spoke rapidly. “Old Brodie died, and I was appointed trustee of his estate. His young son, Bruce, was sole heir. When

Bruce reached the age of eighteen he was to come in his money. He knew that I had charge of the money and often consulted me about it. As time went on, I realized that a certain piece of land was decreasing in value. I told Brodie that I had a chance to sell the land for \$5,000, which I firmly believed was a good price. It was just five years ago on the 30th of April that Brodie legally received his inheritance. I turned every cent over to him then. Young Brodie has always been one of my best clients. I have done more for him without charging him a cent, than for any of my other patrons. To make a long story short, he has recently learned that the land next to the estate which was once his, and which I sold for \$5,000 with his knowledge and consent, is one of the most valuable pieces of property in this section of the country and he now accuses me of selling that property for \$55,000, and defrauding him of \$50,000. He is taking me to court. He hasn’t a chance of convicting me.”

Handler stopped abruptly, as one practicing a role for a play might have done.

Cele’s face grew paler and paler as she listened to his story. Finally she burst out.

“Why Al, how awful! Where could he have gotten such an idea? Of course, you’ll win!”

Before they had entered the house, she had voiced her decision to be at the court on Saturday to witness her husband’s certain triumph.

THERE was much excitement in the Handler household during the week preceding the trial. So sure were they of winning the case that an elaborate dinner party was planned to celebrate the occasion.

The trial proved to be a very short one, and Handler was declared not guilty of the crime charged against him. Mr. Lockwood, the purchaser of the property in question was dead, but an old check stub was produced which was proof enough that he had paid only \$5,000 for the house. Brodie had no satisfactory evidence to show that Handler stole the money. The court was dismissed, and Barker, as successful lawyer, was loudly congratulated. As soon as he could get away from his enthusiastic friends he walked over to Handler and said:

"Come over to the club for lunch, old fellow." Then he heard him add in a lower tone, "I have just received some inside information on that oil stock which you bought against your advice. They have spent thousands in drilling. There is no oil. He is a ruined man."

A feeling of pity swept over Cele for Mrs. Brodie, a widow of a year, but then—Bruce Brodie deserved it for causing Al all these unnecessary anxieties. She was proud of her husband, and the world would know it tonight at the triumphant dinner party. There was much to be done so Cele hurried to the station, caught the next interurban and was soon home.

The first thing that she did was to go to the attic to look for Al's dress suit. He had not worn it for a year, but she felt sure that it would be all right. She opened one box, but that was the wrong one; it contained old books and papers belonging to Al. There on the top was her own picture taken before their wedding. How queer it looked, and how she had changed! Next, she spied a long white envelope. The return address interested her. "Return in 5 days to Lockwood Real Estate Co." Why Lockwood was the man whose check had been produced in court that morning, that was probably the very document that would have ruined Al a law suit. What a pity he had not remembered it. She opened the letter and read eagerly. It was not a formal business letter as she had expected, but a personal note. "This is just to let you know that things are all right. I have already had a chance to resell the old Brodie property for \$80,000, a clear profit of \$25,000. But I'll wait a while. Calm any anxiety you may have about being found out. I assure you that I will never let anyone know that I have paid more than \$5,000 for it, and if need be, will take my loss on it."

She read no further. Allen Handler, her own husband was a cheat, a swindler, a crook! Suddenly it seemed to Cele, sitting on the floor in the dark little room, her fingers dust, her whole body tingling with fatigue—as though something had dropped down, fallen and down in her breast.

"No! No! It isn't true!" her loyalty to her husband wavered, but the evidence in her trembling hand spoke louder than her love.

"If he did it, I can't live—no, I can't—God help me."

The happenings of the day blurred and ran together. She tried to rise, but she was sick. She struggled to her feet.

"No! No! I won't believe it. There must be some explanation." She steadied herself with the aid of the banisters and staggered down the steps.

AS she entered her room the sight of the evening gown reminded her of the dinner. That lovely dress; would she dare to wear it? "No, I can't. I can't face those people. I will run away from this sin and this humiliation."

She dropped to her knees; the thought of those other young wives that she had condemned because they ran away when they first realized that their idols had feet of clay, steadied her. That, she would never do. He had fallen; She must raise him up—but how?

"Oh, oh, God help me," she half prayed half moaned. "Help me to do what is right. Without You I can do nothing. I must not be a coward, but must act wisely in order to save him."

When Al reached home a few hours later, she sent Jane to tell him where he might find his dress suit. "Tell him that his studs are in my jewel box."

With that, Cele slipped down the back steps and into the library to wait the arrival of the guests. She was a dream of beauty in her long evening gown; so slender, so dignified. There was a flush of triumph on her beautiful face—for the first time in her life she had used rouge, realizing that an unwonted pallor might betray her secret and his.

The guests began to arrive, and as they greeted the host and hostess there were many words of congratulation and of delicate compliment for Cele because of her exquisite beauty.

It was a merry crowd that sat around the shining dinner table. Cele laughed with her guests, and none knew that it was a forced and unreal laugh. Slowly the dreadful evening passed, and both host and hostess were shaking hands with the departing guests.

"Had a delightful time." "So glad you came." Would they ever finish saying those words? Her head was swimming. How much longer would she be able to keep it up? She managed to smile until the last guest had left. Barker was spending the night with Al, so she could easily break away from them and go up to her room to think and to pray. Yes, think all alone, with no one to bother her.

SHE attended an early Mass the next morning. How she prayed, wholly unconscious that she was not alone in the little church. She returned home to find Barker and Al waiting to breakfast with her. She excused herself with a smile and, "I have had my breakfast," she said brightly, and ran up to her room. Again she tried to think, but no solution presented itself to her tortured brain. Restitution must be made. Yes, he would have to pay back every cent of the \$50,000; but how could she make him do it? If he did it, his sin would be broadcast. Barker's reputation was at stake as well. He would be judged a liar and

a cheat, if open restitution were made. It would be impossible to convince anyone of the fact that Barker was ignorant in the case he had so ably defended. Her eyes suddenly brightened, as she sat gazing at the ivory clock on her dresser.

"Of course Al can do that. It will take every cent of his money, but it will be restitution!"

Barker had just left; now she must act. She went down stairs very quietly. When she came into the living room she carefully closed all the doors. Al came forward and took both hands in his. "Cele, you look worn out. You must rest. By evening you will feel better. The dinner was all too trying."

"No, the dinner would not have been trying under other circumstances." She spoke very softly. "Al, do you remember that Barker remarked in the court room yesterday, that the oil stock which Brodie bought last week was worthless?"

"Why yes," said Handler in a puzzled tone. "By this time tomorrow they will be penniless; every one knows it by now. I told Brodie not to invest in that stock. I'm awfully sorry for the poor chap."

"You are sorry for him? You should be sorry for yourself."

"Why, Cele, what are you raving about? Sorry for myself! Why, I'm the happiest man in town. With the most attractive and lovable little wife in Chicago, with \$50,000 to my credit in the bank—what more could a man want?"

"A clear conscience," she said quietly as she handed him the letter.

He gazed at it blankly for a second, then coolly lit a match and set fire to one corner. Cele watched him fascinated. When there remained only a small piece of blank paper, he threw the ashes out of the window.

"So much for that witness," he said very calmly. "As for the other, dead men tell no tales. I had meant to burn that bit of evidence when old Lockwood died. It would have gone hard with us yesterday if Brodie had found that letter." He suddenly faced his wife, and noting her attitude he came over to her and put both hands on her shoulders, held her at arms length, and looked straight into her eyes.

"But Cele, I'm glad you found it after all. There has never been a secret between us before, and I was thinking of making a clean breast of it this morning anyhow, and now that all was legally settled yesterday no court in the world can ever prove us guilty."

"Us!" Her voice sounded strange and far away. She drew back from him. "Allen Handler, would you make me sharer in your crimes? Yesterday you per-

jured yourself—today you ask me to "The words choked her.

"Oh, come now Cele, don't let's have a scene. It's all over now. Let's forget it." She flushed. She opened her mouth to speak. He stopped her.

"Cele do have some sense. Why, that's what may call a good business deal. Believe me dear, when I tell you that I did it for love of you."

"You stole money for me! Do you think that I could ever be happy living on stolen money?"

"Why of course I did it for you. How could you ever continue to love me if I had nothing to make you love me?"

"Al, I married you because I loved you, not for what you could give me." There was deep reproach in her tone. When you pay back to Brodie every cent that you owe him, I will love and admire you once more, for then you will prove yourself to be an honest man, the strong character I have always believed you to be. If you do not I shall hate you."

"Cele, I cannot, and will not subject you to public humiliation."

"I would rather starve than live the dishonest wife of a dishonest man." There was indignation in her tone. "There need be no public humiliation. You must pay him back, and you have a golden opportunity. Buy his worthless oil stock. You can do it through your broker. No one will ever know. I repeat, I would rather starve to death than live a partner in your sin." Now she came closer to him. "Do you believe that you will spare me worry and trouble by plunging deeper and deeper into sin? Is it your love for me, then pay back every cent for love of me." Her tone was tender now and pleading.

Handler turned hotly, but controlled his anger.

"Cele, I did sin, if you insist on calling it that, for the love of you, but if I ever repay that man, you will suffer far more than I. I refuse to do it! Cele you forgive yourself"

"You don't forget yourself," she interrupted quickly.

"If your mind is made up, so is mine. I have nothing more to say, but I will act."

His whole manner suddenly changed. "Do rest dear for a little while, and by evening you will feel differently."

He left the room. "I am going for a little walk," he called back.

As the door closed, Cele ran up to her room, threw herself on her knees and buried her face in her hands.

"God help me" she moaned. "I know he loves me, but is that love strong enough to save him? O spirit of wisdom, guide me. Help me to act wisely." She was interrupted by a gentle knock on the door.

(Continued on Page 47)

Mental Hygiene

By THOS. H. HOULTON, M. D.

Assistant Instructor Nervous and Mental Diseases

Creighton Medical College

THE term "Mental Hygiene" is an expression which was coined by Dr. Adolph Meyer in 1909 and was used as the title under which was launched the first organized movement for teaching the public how the mind must function even from earliest childhood in order to produce a healthy personality, free from emotional conflicts and insuring a life of mental satisfaction and contentment. Also its purpose is to show the effect that faulty or neglected development of the mind or the emotions may have in the production of mental diseases, nervous diseases, insanities, psychosis, feeble-mindedness and other defects of the mind.

As a branch of medicine, mental hygiene is not a new one but is as old as the mind itself and bears the same relation to the treatment of mental diseases as physical hygiene does to the treatment of medical diseases. Whenever the cause of a physical illness is discovered, physical hygiene is used to prevent the unnecessary occurrence of that disease, so also as the etiology of mental diseases are recognized by psychiatrists and psychologists mental hygiene can and should be employed to prevent whenever possible their occurrence in others.

With regard to surgical or medical diseases patients are as a rule quite willing to seek treatment early in order that chronic or incurable complications may not develop and later they may talk freely of their experiences and even be boastful of having gone through a surgical operation, but very rarely is this so with regard to mental diseases, as even in this enlightened day there still exists medieval ideas of secrecy, stigma, or an evil or supernatural spirit being in some way connected with persons suffering with a mental disease. The fact does not seem to be accepted, that a mental disease is a disorder of the mind and the peculiar constitution and behavior of patients so affected are merely symptoms, showing interference of the mental functions, just as pneumonia is a disease of the lungs which interferes with breathing and appendicitis a disease of the intestines with the proper digestion of food.

DR. Clifford W. Beers developed a true and intimate knowledge of the treatment and behavior of mentally diseased persons, acquired as a patient for three years in mental hospitals. Upon recovering his mental health, he became profoundly impressed with the feeling that the question of mental disease, as a public health problem, was one which demanded immediate attention. With this subject in view and the idea of interesting others in it, he wrote an autobiographic description in book form, of his experiences as a patient in mental hospitals. This book is entitled, "A Mind That Found Itself." Immediately following its publication in 1908, because of the encouragement with which it was received, and at the suggestions of psychiatrists who saw a practical application of his ideas, Mr. Beers formulated in the same year, the first State Mental Hygiene Society, that of Connecticut. In the next year the National Committee for Hygiene was organized under the leadership of physicians directly interested in psychiatry and with the warm support of all those interested in the prevention of mental diseases. This important movement under the title "Mental Hygiene," has, during the last eighteen years, grown amazingly.

However, it may be defined in a few words, as that branch of medicine which has for its object, the promotion, the development, and the preservation of mental health. It is evident that possibly the largest single field of mental hygienists is that of the young and developing child, when prophylactic measures offer the greatest hope of response—this child by the establishment of permanent child behavior and child guidance clinics.

Because of its very nature, mental hygiene concerns almost everyone, and embraces two essential parts, i. e., the individual himself and his environment. The environment if unendurable, should be changed, or if unsatisfactory may be modified to certain degrees. If these changes cannot be economically accomplished, then the individual must adjust himself to the environment in such a way that it will cause him the least pos-

sible harm or discomfort. It is frequently, but not always, easier to adjust environment conditions than to adjust the physical and mental conditions of the patient. It is impossible because of the mutual dependence, to separate for treatment, the mind from the body.

ALL physical diseases have an important mental or emotional phase, and certainly all mental diseases rest more or less upon a physical basis. It is a common observation that a physical disease in a parent may explain the mental defects of a child. The best illustration of a progressive mental deteriorating disease is that of general paresis which is both physical and mental. The mental symptoms are at the present time being treated and improved by super-imposing on the already physical disease an added curable acute febrile ailment. Also a mild case of paresis may become severe as a result of worry, stress, anxiety or any disturbance of the emotions, equally as well as physical fatigue, long hours of work, loss of sleep, focal infection, improper food and almost any disease which tends to reduce physical efficiency. It is certainly true that the combination of chronic alcoholism and a syphilitic infection invariably results in time in a severe mental or nervous disease.

In the neuropsychiatric clinic of the Creighton Medical College, we see many types of mental and nervous diseases which are improved or cured by clearing up the chronic infections in various parts of the body. A young man 21 years of age was brought to the Clinic following a severe typical epileptic convulsion, and upon removing several pussy and decaying teeth, he has been free from attacks.

A little girl with fear of the dark, mild fainting spells and loss of appetite, improved remarkably by the removal of her tonsils and several decaying teeth.

Many cases of children with chorea are cured. Heart trouble and rheumatism are prevented by the removal of infected tonsils and clearing up of other areas of infection.

A girl with blinking of the eyelids and slight spells of fainting was cured when a refraction error of the eyes was found and corrected by proper glasses.

A boy was whipped by his parents for falling down when he was suffering with a muscle disease with which he was hardly able to walk or stand.

THE American Medical Association has launched a campaign advising regular periodic health examinations, as a public health measure. The examination is to be done once or twice a year, just as most people at definite intervals have their teeth examined.

This is an excellent idea in regard to the early diagnosis of organic nervous diseases, for many latent nervous disorders developed very slowly, and quite frequently can be found clinically years before they produce any symptoms.

Many mental symptoms and diseases like hysteria, neurasthenia, psychasthema, psychoneurosis, obsessions, ideas, nervousness, irritability, phobias, periodic depressions, compulsions, lack of ability to concentrate, anxiety and other mental conditions which seldom indeed cause insanity, but probably produce more misery and pain than any organic disease, offer a splendid field for work by the mental hygienist. These persons must certainly form new mental habits, and be re-adjusted both to themselves and to their environment. They must also build up a supply of mental and physical reserve energy, to prevent easy fatigue and keep their physical condition at the best possible level. Such persons should form the habit of orderly thinking, having wholesome stimulating interests of all kinds, looking upon life in a normal way, of cultivating proper balance between stimulation and response, having a sensible division of work and play and having a reasonable appreciation of success and failure.

Mental hygiene must make it commonly known that the hope of cure of mental disease lies in having very beginning of any mental disorder brought immediately to the attention of the medical adviser and that these early symptoms must not be overlooked or passed over as individual peculiarities and the condition allowed to progress until the sufferer, now because of his pronounced and almost incurable symptoms, must be placed in some asylum.

Most mental diseases due to non-specific focal infection such as the teeth, the tonsils, the sinuses, etc., can be prevented if the cause be found and alleviated, and the mental and nervous diseases resulting from tertiary syphilis could be eliminated if we could have prevented the syphilitic infection of the patient some five to ten years previous. This, however, is easier said than done, but a periodic neurologic examination could have found the nervous system beginning to be involved and at that time by treatment could have prevented further advance and destruction of the nerve tissue.

In conclusion, we would say that the early treatment of mental diseases is quite as essential as the early treatment of physical diseases and that a neuropsychiatric clinic should be consulted quite as frequently and readily as a prenatal, a medical, surgical or a nose and throat clinic, for it is only in this way that cure and prevention of the development of mental and nervous diseases can be obtained.

JAZZ—*the New Song and Dance* of America

LE ROY LOUIS BUCK

WHEN Adolph Sax invented the saxophone, little did he dream that his invention would be blamed by critics of jazz for the oceans of highly perfumed hair-oil which Hudnut has poured on the head of the sleek-hair saxophone shiek.

But this is not the only sin laid at the door of jazz. The jazz band has been criticized and condemned from many view points and by critics from the various walks of life. In spite of all this condemnation the jazz band has risen to nearly as great popularity as the moving picture. It is only natural that it should, for it is merely a development from the style dance music, just as the straight-eight sedan is an outgrowth from the horseless carriage of the early part of the century.

Who started this jazz craze? The negro is quite frequently given the credit for originating jazz music; in fact there are a great many people who are under the impression that negroes are masters of the profession. However, they are neither originators nor masters. "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and the original Dixieland Jazz Band," both non-colored organizations, were the first to burst forth with the new product of music. Proof that negroes are not masters of jazz can be found through a survey of phonograph records. The three largest recording companies package very few colored jazz bands. These are quite inferior to other orchestras, for not one is known nationally as are many of the non-colored orchestras. The early jazz bands were of a much different type from those of today. They consisted of four or five members who were everything from acrobats to jugglers. The best of their music was very noisy and trashy, but the younger generation was eager to follow the luring strains from the piper's flute and soon musicians were

making great strides toward the advancement and refinement of their product.

With the late war came a revolution in song writing. There was a demand for music which would arouse the patriotic sentiment of the people. The jazz bands of that time willingly put the war songs on the block and butchered them in great fashion. Out of this era

of war songs grew our popular songs of today. These fit our modern orchestra in every respect. Of course the strains of "Red Hot Mamma" and "Red Riding Hood" are not any too modest when compared with the old folk songs, but then, the boyish bob is a little too fast for those hard-shells who find it hard to break away from the old coil top knot.

WE sing and dance and hum
and work and lilt and live to
the strains of jazz, which many
hail as America's distinctive con-
tribution to the new music.

In this article Shadows presents the fascinating inside story of jazz. It is written by a Creighton student who played the Keith and Orpheum vaudeville circuits with his own jazz band act for several seasons.

ABOUT 1920, Paul Whiteman attracted attention with his symphonic jazz band. Since then he has contributed more to the refinement of jazz music than any other one man. He was the first to organize a

band of more than ten men and arrange their music in symphonic order. To hear his orchestra would convince one that he is rightfully crowned "King of Jazz." Our long-haired friends from the concert orchestras and theatre pits criticize and scoff at these bands. Of course, there is good and bad in everything but one should not judge the entirety by the bad elements in it. Most of the criticism handed to jazz bands in general is by someone who does not hear the better orchestras. Organizations such as Paul Whiteman's, Jean Goldkilt's and others of their type, contain more accomplished musicians than almost any theatre or symphonic orchestra in the country. If you doubt this, try to find a legitimate orchestra that can play "Rhapsody in Blue" to compare with Whiteman's version which can be found on a Victor record. The reason

for so much undue criticism put forth by our long-haired friends is jealousy generated by the fact that jazz musicians receive salaries far in excess of those received by "legitimate" musicians. The members of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which toured the country some time ago, received thirty-five dollars per week and expenses. Many people would be surprised to learn that the Roy Miller orchestra which records for Brunswick makes one record each week for which each musician receives fifty dollars. Their regular salaries for ballroom engagements range from eighty-five to three hundred dollars per man each week. Miff Mole, trombone player with Roger Wolf Kahn's orchestra of New York, draws the neat sum of five hundred dollars per week and he is by far not the highest paid juggler of hot notes.

I do not contend that the popularity of jazz is due to its being an altogether superior type of music. Demand plays a strong hand here. A picture of a jazz band would represent the "Spirit of 1927" in much the same way that the old revolutionary war picture of a man with a drum, another with a fife and another with a headache represents the "Spirit of '76."

Modern dances have developed from modern music and I must say that some of our modern dance hall contortionists are quite uncomplimentary to the music if they intend their gestures to characterize the song theme. The chief difference between dance music and concert music is rhythm. All music has a certain amount of rhythm but that of dance music must be pronounced. Going back to the primitive days we find there was a dance for every occasion; war, merriment, death, worship, etc. They danced only to rhythm created by beating on a drum or a hollow log. The same is true in a jazz band; that element is the all important one. Let a good orchestra indulge in a good hot tune and you are bound to hear someone say, "That makes me feel like dancing." It wasn't because the piece was so beautiful or because it was so well executed that he said this but because it contained the necessary element—rhythm. Many of you who have been scuffing up your shoes in dance halls for a few years will remember some occasion when you danced to music that didn't strike your ears just right, but for some reason or other, was easy to dance to. The orchestra had the old "sock" as a jazz bander would explain it. In other words it had rhythm.

FIFTEEN years ago when the polka and square dance were in vogue, the music was rhythmical but it was different rhythm from that of jazz. The music was more melodious and the instrumentation of

the orchestra was selected accordingly. One or two violins, an accordeon and a mandolin were considered a very capable combination.

Following the war, when the shimmy shocked the continent, fast riotous music was in demand. The five or six-piece jazz bands of that time created just a new kind of music. The usual instrumentation of these bands was piano, clarinet, trombone, trumpet, bass and drums; the latter consisting of every noise effect from shot-gun to cowbell. After the reign of the shimmy, the shuffle took the dance halls by storm. When these two dances wore themselves out, ballroom dancing began to take on an air of refinement. It went hand in hand with the refinement of dance music. The dance orchestras began to use large combinations and better arranged music. The dancers developed a more graceful interpretation of the foxtrot and the waltz. However, this could not last for there is a constant demand for something new. The jazz bands developed a new life in their music; an entirely new style known as "hokum" or more commonly called "hot music." A new accent was founded and music took on an entrancing swing. The temperatures of the dancers rose by leaps and bounds. They had to step with the music and when their feet were given their own way they were doing a new dance which was called Charleston, after the city in which it originated. This dance swept the country like wild fire. Every one from children to feeble-kneed grandmothers strained every muscle in their bodies in an effort to learn the dance to perfection. Since the Charleston craze, the dances known as Black-Bottom Stamp and Valencia have made their appearance, but as yet they have not become so tremendously popular.

IT is very interesting to notice that European orchestras cannot master the new American music. It is not because they don't want to, for American jazz is in great demand in Europe; in fact so much that European countries have had to enforce laws against importing American orchestras in order to preserve a few jobs for the European would-be jazz banders. England has passed a law providing that any one engaging an American orchestra must pay to the British Federation of Musicians a sum of money equal to that paid to the American musicians. In spite of this law, the very best places in London engage American orchestras. One of Yerke's orchestras has been in Australia for nearly three years.

Another indication of the increasing popularity of jazz is found through radio. Nearly half of the programs consist of popular songs and jazz music. Surely the broadcasting stations know what their listeners want, for they are in constant communication with

This increasing popularity is only natural. The of nature would all be shattered if the succeeding generation would be satisfied to take up the fiddle and pipes of their predecessors, and likewise fill their ka shoes."

It is my belief that jazz music will undergo some led changes in the next few years. Changes in of dance music in the last year point to this. The

adoption of what is called "jig-style hokum" indicates that dance music is yet to become more rhythmical. The fact that criterion dance orchestras are already adding more rhythm instruments also points to this; so prepare to see the Charleston and Black Bottom put on the shelf with the rest of the antiques while a new terpsichorean prodigy refills the hospitals with lumbago patients.

A TOUCHING YOUTH

On rainy days I mount the stairs
 Into my attic den,
 And take a book of childish lore
 And live—a kid again.

I leave my worries rest a day
 And slip into the land,
 Where heroes fight in reckless way
 That children understand.

I laugh again the laughs of youth
 And chuckle in their joys
 For though the years are taking count
 I love to be a boy.

Some may grow old and look in scorn
 Upon this childish glee
 But I am glad I still remain
 With youth a-touching me.

—Allen Ardell.

Modern English

By J. EMMETT GRANT

THE spirit of modernism with its various ramifications is seeking new fields for its activity. Not content with having invaded the religious field nullifying sacred beliefs of the more orthodox, who seem unfortunately confined to that area known as the Bible Belt, it now seeks admission to the field of English grammar, introducing innovations that will be accepted readily, not because of their accuracy or even plausibility, but simply because such innovations, which have gained considerable momentum by virtue of popular usage, now have the added prestige of having been endorsed by several leading universities that assume the aspect of authority.

The most recent of grammatical innovations that have the sanction of those seeking publicity as well as the honor of having made efforts toward simplicity in English grammar are: He don't, I ain't, and It's me. There are many other less offensive constructions that have had a vogue for some time, but none that indicate the tendency of modern English to as great a degree as the ones mentioned. Such grammatical constructions are not permitted by the best authorities on grammar—they have been permitted only as corruptions—nevertheless, at the present time such constructions are finding their way into leading universities as well as the finest literary productions and, from all indications, there is at least a remote possibility that they will be sanctioned by schools from the highest to the lowest grades. Such a tendency would seem to indicate a grammatical battle between the fundamentalists and modernists if the two schools can be properly designated by those terms.

Although we adopt a position of the fundamentalists, which does not mean that we live by the book, we are justified in conceding for the sake of modern-

ism, the legitimacy of the first two constructions mentioned above; namely, He don't and I ain't. One may argue as a defense for such a concession, that "do not", although generally accepted as a contraction of "does not"; and "ain't" is a contraction of "are not" and "is not" as well as "am not". These contractions, there-

could be tolerated without barrassment to one's grammatical sense. But granting the legitimacy of such constructions, it goes unrebuted that to concede the accuracy of "I ain't" would be grammatical suicide, leading universities to the contrary notwithstanding. The seriousness of admitting the accuracy of such a construction is found in the fact that it involves a violation of the fundamental laws of grammar and as such cannot be easily permitted; whereas the constructions "I ain't" and "he don't" are merely corruptions and therefore do not involve a violation of any fundamental grammatical principle. Hence, such can be tolerated for the sake of euphony and clarity if for no other reason.

employ many contractions in our language which in no way derogate from it as a scientific language. Frequently contractions are used in the best literary masterpieces, but at that their use is rarely encouraged for fear of creating a precedent. Contractions have never been recognized as proper grammatical constructions, but they have been permitted primarily as a means of economy.

WHAT are the consequences of such constructions? Is it possible to improve our language by a complete revolution in all grammatical principles with the net result that we will have no definite rules by which

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differentiation can be made between the correct and incorrect. All inhibitions are removed by the adoption of such a course, and one is left to one's own device to determine the form that seems best fitted to the expression of one's thoughts. If it be admitted that "It's me" is grammatically correct, will it not be possible by the same process of reasoning to use a singular verb with a plural subject or the nominative case with a transitive verb, etc.? Why should a pronoun agree with its antecedent if it is correct according to the latest grammatical indications to use the object case with a copulative verb? One can not consistently hold any part of grammar if one permits a violation of one of its fundamental laws. Grammatical principles have a definite purpose and any violation of them necessarily disrupts the whole structure. With the adoption of such a course our language hits the rocks. We have nothing left as a working basis upon which we could build once the structure is removed. It is often remarked that it makes very little difference how we say a thing as long as the one to whom we are speaking understands us. It is argued that language is only a means by which our thoughts are expressed and as long as one expresses one's thoughts intelligently there is no objection. But that is exactly the difficulty—expressing one's thoughts intelligently. If there are no fundamental rules upon which the sentences in which our thoughts are expressed can be based, how is it possible to express our thoughts intelligently with any degree of uniformity? It is the consequences, therefore, of recent innovations in English, which are nothing more than gross violations of grammatical laws for the sake of change, that we object to.

SUCH recent developments in English constructions indicate the tendency of modern English. There seems to be a gravitation toward the vulgar, the result of which may prove disastrous. It has a tendency to place good, sound grammatical authority in a compromising position with those who demand that popular usage be accepted as a criterion—a position that cannot be assumed without total loss of dignity. The loss in dignity is thought to be compensated for by the gain in progress and simplicity. Such arguments are usually presented for any radical change. Those who contend for the preservation of good English, do not oppose progression in English or any

other branch if its reality can be shown. Apparent progress at the expense of a language is no progress at all. It defeats its own purpose. Such proposed changes in English constructions as "It's me," etc., cannot be offered as a progressive step. They have only one reason for existence, and that is as a means of satisfying the vanities of the innovators.

But while we remain unperturbed by the introduction of new English constructions that seem to aim at the destruction of grammatical principles, we are reminded that English constructions have no guarantee of immutability. We have no judiciary for proper English. We have no academy of language similar to that in France to preserve our recognized forms. All that we have are some well established grammatical principles that are sufficiently adequate if assiduously applied. But is there anything objectionable in the idea of an academy for the preservation of our language? Such an organization would probably receive very little encouragement here in America. It would seem to be intruding on what Americans call freedom but probably not freedom of speech. Although we Americans would resent such an authority on language, it appears obvious that if the tendency to corrupt English constructions in violation of long established grammatical principles continues to prevail something in the nature of authority on English grammar will be necessitated. The writer in no way wishes to insinuate that another amendment to the constitution should be made regulating English grammar. We have enough silly laws and amendments to contend with. But an organization, the purpose of which is to preserve English grammar according to well established principles, contains nothing repugnant to the American idea.

While there is remote possibility that English constructions will be invaded by corruptions, many are of the opinion that the late innovations will receive very little encouragement throughout the country. The change is too radical to be received with any degree of enthusiasm. The dangers involved in the adoption of such constructions are becoming apparent and authorities who realize the present complexity of English grammar are not inclined to contribute more to its complexity by adopting constructions that only tend to confusion. A wise policy would seem to be to guard against any insidious encroachments of innovations.

SIXTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES

Students are especially urged to submit poems and short stories for the contest which is carefully outlined on page 34. Attention is called to Rule 4. To date the editor has received very few contributions.

Nebraska's Own

By GENE VANA

WHEN I stop at one of the graveyards of my own county and see on the headstones the names of fine old men I used to know, 'Eric Erickson, born, Bergen, Norway . . . died, Nebraska; 'Anton Puselik, born, Prague, Bohemia . . . died, Nebraska,' I have always the hope that something went into the ground with those pioneers that will one day come out, not only in sturdy traits of character, but in elasticity of mind, in an honest attitude toward the realities of life, in certain qualities of feeling and imagination . . . It is in that great cosmopolitan country known as the middle-west that we may hope to see the hard molds of American provincialism broken up; that we may hope to find young talent which will challenge the proprieties, the insincere conventional optimism of our art and thought."

No other words could more fittingly express the reasons for Willa Cather's greatness and the success of her works. She has become one of the foremost writers of our century because of her accurate knowledge and presentation of the life and peoples of the West, of the people with whom she was most intimate and with whom her sympathies lie.

Willa Sibert Cather was born near Winchester, Virginia. Her parents moved to Nebraska when she was nine years old. She lived a carefree and happy life on the prairies, riding horseback, and paying lengthy visits to the neighbors. It was from her association with the people of the plains that the material for her books was collected. In an interview, Miss Cather states, "Everything in my books was collected before I was 20 years old. Everything I have written is what I had known as a child. They are the impressions of youth."

After finishing school, Miss Cather divided her time between teaching and doing literary work of various

kinds. Her work was always such as to give her a knowledge of the workings of the human soul.

MISS Cather began writing at an early age but almost wholly discouraged because of the lack of depth and feeling evidenced in her work. Her work had an absence of sincerity and conviction which was transferred to the book which she wrote to serve to aid a book to achieve greatness. Finally she confided in a friend, who suggested that she write of the people she knew in the way she knew them to be. It was then that she lived in perfect accord and sympathy with her characters. She made them live about in a sphere that is their own; she did not transplant them into territory foreign to their makeup; they live and breathe in an atmosphere in which they are acquainted.

Of her works, "My Antonia" is acknowledged to be her masterpiece. "One of Ours"

a story of the World War, won the Pulitzer prize in 1923, for the novel which "best presents the whole atmosphere of American manners and manhood."

Among her best known works are: "My Antonia," "One of Ours," "O Pioneers," "The Song of the Lark," "The Lost Lady," and her latest work, "My Mortal Enemy."

"My Mortal Enemy" is the brief story of Myra, a tall, impetuous, extravagant Molly, who left the luxurious home of her uncle to elope with Oskar, a German scholar. Her violently jealous nature did not make her marriage happiness any too secure, though we are assured in the last chapters that the two were supremely happy in their early married life. The husband is best described in the vernacular as "hen-pecked."

In the last days of her life, Myra is a selfish, fo-

WILLA SIBERT CATHER was born near Winchester, Virginia. Her parents moved to Nebraska when she was nine years old. She lived a carefree and happy life on the prairies, riding horseback, and paying lengthy visits to the neighbors. It was from her association with the people of the plains that the material for her books was collected.

woman, one who is always living in the past, heed-
of the sorrow she causes her husband and friend.

[N irritating incident which Miss Cather strangely
forgot to explain or to inquire into, is that when
a returned to the church of her fathers, she had
to marry Osear in the eyes of this church, for, as
said shortly before her death, "I stood before a jus-
of the peace." Similarly, the author overlooked
fact that Myra could not receive the "Sacrament"
yet hold to her purpose of being cremated.

throughout the story runs a tone of despair. Love,
me, friends are as nothing to Myra. She mourns
use she did not stay with her uncle so that she
nt have died in plenty. Her motto would seem,
r astra ad mud."

ch emotion is repellent. There is so much suffer-
in the world, that it seems almost amateurish of
a Cather to write a book in which she tolerates,
t commends, one who failed to rise above her inner

nature, failed to conquer self—your and My Mortal
Enemy.

Undoubtedly youth is harsh and yet it seems evident
to all that though the diction is liquid, though the story
runs smoothly and harmoniously, there is nothing
gained in such a story of another but different Lost
Lady.

The edition is beautiful! The creamy covers with
bands of black, stamped in gold, the descriptions of
type forms, of the butcher, the baker, and the candle-
stick maker, are interesting, but "My Mortal Enemy"
is not "My Antonia" or scarcely a pretense at the old
Willa Cather.

Undoubtedly youth is harsh,—yet it remains, Willa
Cather is getting old.

"Willa Cather is a novelist whose work adds measur-
ably to American literature; whether all of us put the
same estimate upon her accomplishments does not
matter; it matters supremely that as many of us as
possible should be acquainted with it."

"These are the impressions of youth."



TRUE FRIENDS WILL NOT FAIL

nds, true friends, will not fail
gh it seems in this life that they may
e forget one.
r thoughts are as yours,
o have failed, have forgotten.
ou think of those past, as they think of you?
you really a friend, really true?

In this life we make friends,
Some are true, some are false,
Someone's gain in this world may be some dear one's
loss,
But the pals who have failed you,
Forgotten and left you,
Are they really your friends, really true?

To be friendly is human,
To be friends is divine,
'Tis a gift of the Father,
Who is yours and is mine.
So when life seems its darkest,
And life-trusts seem betrayed,
Just remember a pal who is never afraid,
To acknowledge an old friend as well as a new,
He's a friend of the past, really true.

—Alumnus

The Blotto Boys

A Satire by HUGH M. P. HIGGINS

“WHAT’S that?” sang out Tom.
“What’s that?” reiterated Dick
“What’s that?” echoed Sam.

The three speakers were none other than our friends, the three famous Blotto Boys, whom we last seen in the sixty-eighth volume of the still more famous Blotto Boy’s series; *Lost In The Subway, or, What Is More Rare Than A Day In June?* The three famous brothers had just returned from where we left them for no reason at all, and as they need no introduction, perhaps we had better introduce them.

Tom Blotto, the fun-loving youth, was the youngest and most sensible of the famous brothers. He had a frankly open countenance like an eight day clock and also he shaved his eye-brows so people could be within their rights when they said he wasn’t the impelling motive for Darwin’s statement.

Dick, the eldest and more serious minded of the three brothers, was older than the other two, and as he had been dropped on the asphalt when a mere child, he had no more brains than a banana has bones.

Sam, the youngest and least in years of the three famous brothers, was somebody besides himself apparently, and was always thinking of something else. To resume:—

“It sounds as if the welcome committee from the dear old Button Hall is out to meet us,” sang out the irrepressible Tom, and at this sally the crowd broke into laughter. After they had wended their way out of the gales, the boys gazed about them and could see the crowd from their Alma Mater rushing down to greet them. In the lead was Captain Button, the founder and master of the Hall, and as he spied the

three famous brothers, a kind of a lump sort of nearly came up in his throat.

“Boys, boys! How glad I am to visualize you in flesh,” said the beloved Captain who was pretty good at big words; “I lost track of you since you were the one hundred and eighteenth volume, ‘We

Makes The Wildcat Wild ‘Roses Are Blooming in Hardy.’ Where have you been and how are you?” continued the beloved Captain, turning his eyes rather sidewise to view the three famous Blotto boys.

“We are fine, sir!” they echoed in unison, and they quickly standing arms akimbo burst out manfully,

“Button Hall, Button Hall
We are surely glad to see you all.”

“Who composed that beautiful poem?” asked the beloved Captain as the cheers died away, and everyone silently pointed to Sam, who quickly blushed with lots of sufficiency.

“My boy,” went on the Captain, “you will have to enroll in the poet class, and I’ll see to it that your parents hear of the high mark that I know you are going to get.”

SAM groveled and seraped for quite a period at last finally when every one was not looking he sneaked away to a quiet nook and set down and began to compose some poems, most of which are still unpublished. Meanwhile, dear readers, Captain Button cried, “Three cheers for the Blotto Boys,” and led the flushed like faces of the students in cheering, and three cheers were given with a will, as follows:

“Riekety Raek, Riekety Raek
The Blotto Boys are baek

REMEMBER ’way back when we were youngsters how the famous “Rover Boys” series used to thrill us, with their endless sequels, their “goody-goody” morals, their “deep-dyed” villains, and their “sterling” heroes? Well, here they are, revived and brought down to date. Shadows presents this parody-sketch with a word of enthusiasm for its fidelity to type, no less than for its undercurrent of relentless satire.

Button Hall

No. 732 in The Blotto Boys Series

Boom and a Tagger

! Rah!"

Speech," cried the upper classmen and the frosh
to be outdone broke in with, "Here, here." So the
possible Tom, fun-loving broke out with, "There's
boy in here but just us chickens," and at this sally
students gaspingly repaired to the school.

"Lek," said the beloved Captain gravely in an un-
de, "I suppose you know that the school bullies,
Disaster and Noddy Vixen have again enrolled

could not at first reply, but after he had taken
stiff apple out of his mouth he manfully returned,
Captain Button, but I am not afraid of their
At which everybody continued repairing to
school.

Meanwhile Dan Disaster slunk into the room of
Vixen, his crony, and slammed the door on his
beer lifter.

"The whillikers," roared the discomfited bully pro-
per, at which Noddy, who had been guilty of trying
to eat an ugly big black cigar which he had been puff-
ing out of the clothes closet.

"Well, Dan, what's wrong?" snarled Noddy.

"Tough!" roared the bully, viciously kicking a
chair that had been laying or lying on the floor, "The
Blotto boys are back again!"

"That!" fumed Noddy, but just then Tom Blotto,
fun-loving youth, who had been listening at the
door, burst into the room.

"Yes, it's true, Noddy Vixen," he sang out, "And
two fellows are up to no good."

"I'll punch your head, Tom Blotto," roared the bully,
and Dan jostled the struggling Blotto into a
corner where they began to pinch and thumb him.

"Stop," cried Tom, "or you'll be sorrier for this
game."

"What, is that so?" roared the bullies, "here's where
I'll get even with you for what you did to us in the
hundred and thirty-eighth volume of the famous
Blotto Boys series, 'What Makes the Wildeat Wild,'

or 'The Mystery of the Great Common Divisor.' We
are going to cut your ears off."

Then while Dan held the now blubbering Tom, Noddy
ran downstairs for the lawn mower.

"What are you doing with the school lawn mower?"
sternly demanded Captain Button as he met Noddy
coming up the stairs. "Are you going to cut the ears
off Tom Blotto?"

"Well he was spying on me," whimpered the bully.

"That is not true," sang out Tom, "I was spying at
him."

Whereupon the beloved Captain smiled on Tom and
ordered the bullies to their rooms.

THE next day dawned bright and clear because
Button Hall was to play Mayville University in
football. This was the first and only game of the sea-
son for both schools and so rivalry was very keen. The
three Blotto Boys played fullback, halfback, and
quarterback respectively while Dan Disaster played
center and Noddy played right half. The game see-
sawed back and forth until only two minutes remained
for play, and then Dan, the sneaky fellow, tossed the
ball to the opposing right end, who made a touchdown.
This put Mayville in the lead 425 to 420.

"Drat you Disaster," said Dick, the more serious-
minded brother vehemently, "you're up to no good."
But just then Noddy knocked Dick over backwards
and broke the oldest Blotto's ankle. Dick was removed
from the game with two seconds to play; things looked
dark for our heroes, but suddenly Dick, unable to see
his school defeated, came flying down the field on
crutches, and seizing the ball hopped over the goal line
for victory.

The cheers were still ringing at the victory hop that
night, when Dick the hero of the hour came in with
Dora Lightfoot, his girl friend.

"Heigho!" sang out Tom, "look at the two cooing
doves."

"No more of that" replied Dick, "you know that
Dora and I are not serious, but just good friends." So

(Continued on Page 47)

ILLEGAL!

By HARRY WELCH

"That's a foul young man, you can't do that."

"Second down and about eight."

"Strike three, you're out."

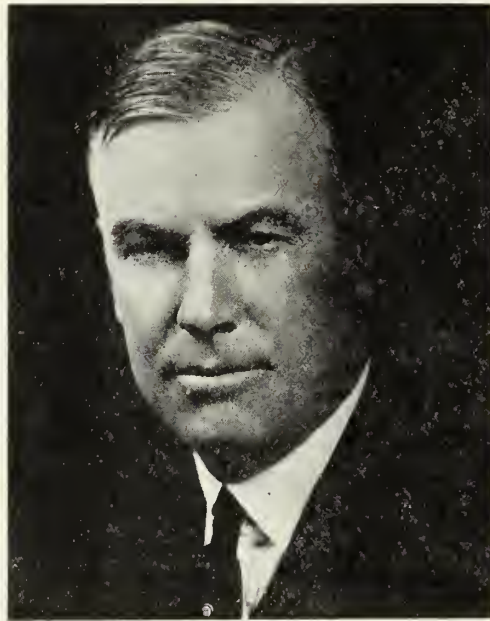
THOSE three laconic statements reveal a brief biography of the present days' best known and most respected arbiter, E. C. Quigley. Basketball, football, baseball have known him as one of the nation's premier officials for twenty years. Life for this man is just one close decision after another with scarcely enough time to dash home at the close of one season to change his paraphernalia for the new.

As an umpire in the National league his time from April 15th to September the 28th is taken calling Hornsby and his cohorts out at first base or running half of the belligerent Giant outfield to the showers for galloping all the way in from the outer gardens to protest a close play at home. If he does not work in the world series or the Chicago city series his football schedule begins immediately and four days a week from

October first to the annual New Year's Day classic on the west coast he is unspiling squirming forms on the gridiron. But a little thing like a well filled basketball schedule precludes any thoughts of a well earned rest while he is on the coast for he must hustle back to Des Moines, Iowa, to handle the Kansas-Drake game on January fourth. This game opens the busiest season of his year for, from that day until March nineteenth his route card calls for at least one game per night. This schedule includes three games at Bethany, Kansas, March ninth, eight games at Norton, Kansas, in the Kansas district high school tournament on March tenth, with six more games the following day at the

same place and twenty-four games during the March fourteenth at the National A. A. U. tournament at Kansas City.

It is then time for baseball, for the season of twenty days so he must hie himself to the training camps to umpire exhibition games, and the major round begins anew.



E. C. QUIGLEY

Quigley, or "Mister" Quigley as athletes from the Lakes to the Gulf, to the grin and embarrassment learned to call him, was born in New Brunswick, Canada. His family later moved to where he received his primary education and where he was graduated from the University Law School. His officiating career began after that, for, while umpiring baseball in the Illinois-Vermont State League he broke his right hand in July and finished that season behind the ear. Quigley stayed two summers in this league when he was sent to the New York State League. He added two more seasons there and jumped to the national League. After a

time in the International a position became vacant in the National League which gave him his first big league baseball.

Ball players are supposed to be a most superstitious lot; the Giants in Mathewson's time carried a mascot; the Robins carried a dwarf; Babe Ruth his lucky bats; and Eddie Collins his famous unbuttoned undershirt. But horse-shoes or rabbit-feet hold no terror for Quigley for he says "to off-set any idea that I am superstitious I went to work in the National League on Friday, June 13th, 1913."

The next season will be his fifteenth in the major and during that time he called the first strike

asby when he first blossomed out in a Cardinal uniform. He saw the amalgamation and disintegration of the famous Alexander-Killifer battery and the subsequent resurrection of the pitching member of that duo. He has watched the strategical McGraw mold the horde of rookies into champions only to release them when they wavered before his relentless maneuvers. He officiated in the 1924 world series and was rebuffed by his position to look with an emotionless eye upon the repeated failure of the great Walter Johnson in that series when the Senators finally beat back the fighting Giants in the last game with very efforts that same Johnson. Quigley was in the '21 series between the Yanks and the Giants when the mighty Babe Ruth with a painfully infected arm went in to get hit for Pipp in the ninth inning of the last game. His torturous effort was a roller to first. He also officiated the 1919 series, seeing the traitorous Cicotte go wild to uncovered bags and watching easy putouts go for extra bases because the faithless Risberg, Weaver, or Jackson was playing out of position. He was in the '16 series when Babe Ruth, then a pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, beat Brooklyn two to one in seven innings.

FOR the past seven years Quigley has umpired the Chicago city series when the Cubs and Sox have the annual argument for supremacy of the Windy

City. He has helped handle the National A. A. U. basketball tournament for the past five years and the National Catholic high tourney until it conflicted with the former. He has spent fourteen years as a coach of St. Mary's College where his two boys are now attending school. For the past four years he has arbitrated the annual East vs. West football struggle on the Pacific Coast, Harvard-Oregon in '24, Missouri-Southern California in '25, Notre Dame-Stanford in '26, and the Alabama-Stanford game this year. The Harvard-Yale game has been a part of his schedule for the past four years. It was from the torrential rains in the last two of these games that he evolved the idea of his white rubber rain proof suit that made its appearance in the North Dakota Aggie game here last year.

This man is an umpire of the old school of "strike tuh", Silk O'Loughlin, Jack Sheridan, Emsley, Klem, and O'Day and that means that their work was arbitration with a mailed fist rendering instantaneous decisions that were as final as the latest supreme court opinions.

A pithy answer to the ever conjectural subject of officials' fees in these various sports characterized his entire attitude and policy toward admissions or disclosures in regard to his work. He said, "I must refuse to answer that question in any other way than to say it is damned remunerative."



COSMORENDE

Grey shapes that let no other power
 Slowly re-weave their sodden destinies,
 Here await the meeting hour,
 Calm, even dead to its immensities.

Lost boughs encircled by seraphic balm
 Their deep notes withered in the cup:
 'Tis these and more betide them
 In a flower-birth, silted up.

But soon a blast shall shatter—
 Clay feet uprooted as the trees,
 A clarion call—the end of matter
 And the reading of decrees.

BIGGER *and* BETTER

Shadowing the Track Team with the Shadows Sporting Editor

LAWRENCE TOBIN

“BANG!”

Several crouching forms straighten, and the struggle for superiority commences. Fleetness of foot, physical perfection, and the will to do, paint a panorama of action.

The above reads like the introduction of “Nick Carter in Gun Play,” or, “The Last Suicide of the Paper-Hanger,” but it is merely an oft-repeated scene of the cinder path. Track, the sport which has had as advocates such figures of history as Mercury, Achilles, Atlas, etc., is now in season!

It is lamentable that track is not more popular. A sport which begins where others end deserves more recognition. While football and basketball are ended by a pistol shot, a track meet is begun by one. Track offers opportunities for versatility not found in other lines of athletic endeavor. Size is not such an important factor, and men have been known to go through track competitions without calling for mercurochrome with which to bedaub sundry parts of their anatomies. In fact, this pastime seems to be becoming the favorite indoor sport of the “athletes” in the other games.

This season, the track situated at Creighton appears unusually bright. Here, where we have been accustomed to sit in the bleachers and yell such pleasantries as “Who’s chasin’ ya?” to the conscientious boys conditioning themselves by circling the oval, the attitude is improving. The standard American phrase—bigger and better—can now be attached to the Creighton track squad.

An analysis of that statement reveals several reasons. The first, and foremost of these, is within the confines of the epidermis of Captain “Sas” Keane, often referred to as the “one-man track team.” The sum of one hundred and sixty pounds of Keane known to sprint, hurdle, and broad-jump, faster and farther than

any assortment of avoirdupois in the North Central Conference and parts adjacent. It is said that on account of Keane, the scribes who write the records for the Conference use lead pencils with large eraser.

Reasons following close on the heels of the above are the feet of several sophomores. There are Reed, and Solomon, specialists of the sprints, yet showing as freshmen last year and in the try-on this season evidence their ability to make their pedal extremities behave in a manner most pleasing to Coach Wynne. And it be known right now that a combination of Keane, Reed and Solomon constitute a relay team with enough speed to break “four out of five” tapes and be the first to touch the fifth one.

In the middle distance find more reasons for substituting “a bigger and better” team. The two F’s, Fisch and Fogarty together with Bertoglio, Allison, and clocked in each time yet has caused the timers to look at their watches in surprise.

To Don Somers, a track meet is just one thing or another. The high and low hurdles, the shot-put, discus, and the javelin throw are the events he usually enters. From which it is seen that Don is quite a capable man to have around when the large man with the big megaphone announces the next “e-v-e-n-t!”

WENDELL Schmidt, William Swinghammer, “Ford” Gartland are the harriers with the lungs. If the event is five miles they run five miles; if the event is two miles, they run two miles. Thus information may be gleaned that they accomplish what they set out to do in a proportionately fast manner.

The reasons for the now familiar “bigger and better” in the high-jump are McAloon, holder of the school record, and Al Rossbach. Both usually leap over

(Continued on Page 43)



“SAS” KEANE, CAPTAIN OF TRACK TEAM

SHADOWS IN THE HALL OF FAME



ROBERT A. M'GINNIS
BECAUSE he has rendered an inestimable service in binding together the students of Creighton by his business ability and friendliness, SHADOWS nominates the manager of the Students Union.

PAUL J. CASH
BECAUSE of his clear vision of the student mind, his ability to direct and control, and his high standard of Journalism, SHADOWS nominates the former Editor of the Creightonian.



WILLIAM M. DENDINGER
BECAUSE of persistence and leadership on the field, and fraternalism on the campus, SHADOWS nominates our captain-elect of the football team, serious minded "Bill."

FRANK M. CARROL
BECAUSE our cheer leader of personality, optimism, and tact is more than a cheer leader—he is a builder and organizer—SHADOWS nominates him for the Hall of Fame.

"The Magician"

By JEAN McGRATH, *Duchesne*, '27

THE curtain rose slowly, evenly; the audience waited in silence. An imposing-looking man calmly stood in the center of the stage and around him on tables were vari-colored cloths, glass bowls, large steel rings, mystic globes—the tools of a magician. There was no glitter of tinsel about the costume of the man or the setting of his stage. With eagerness the eyes of the audience followed his movements, watched the rings apparently melt into each other, and tongues of fire leap from earthen bowls. Not a murmur disturbed the audience; each trick was unfolded with dexterity, certainty. The Magician, taking in his hand a scarf streaked with red and blue, walked swiftly and decisively to a large brass urn, covered the top of it, and, as the dark curtain slowly started to come down, a jagged scarlet flame burst up from the depths of the urn. Several seconds passed

and the audience then gave its answer—thunderous applause above an undercurrent of muffled questions.

Such is the part played by G. K. Chesterton on the stage of life; he is the magician of the literary world. Not content to give us Nature in an artistic form, he produces this gift by a magic trick. For his tools he uses ordinary subjects but leaves us to solve them like the steel rings of tongues of flame. And when we read his works we applaud but we wonder; we too have our muffled questions.

No one can doubt the power which G. K. Chesterton exercises from this literary stage; he is truthfully and literary in constant touch with his audience. This touch is so intimate that from the qualities of his writings we can form a mental picture even of his personal appearance; his steel gray hair is an outward expression of his philosophic and observant nature; his twink-

ling eyes sparkle with his inimitable wit; his powerful hands fairly cry out his geniality.

The mental grasp which Chesterton holds over his audience is even more strong. He possesses that rare gift of being unafraid of his own convictions, yet tolerant of the convictions of others. He is self-confident without being arrogant, full of assurance without being vain, and above the level of ridicule. At last but not least, he possesses a stalwart heart—what could be a better means of winning the approval of the audience?

G. K. Chesterton has a thorough understanding of human nature which he manifests in his views of American Englishmen. He claims that "the external differences between them are not enough to keep them apart, and their similarities are not enough to bring them together." He continues by saying that "the chief characteristic of the American

THE chief characteristic of the American is a capacity for mass organization; deprive the American body of common citizens of their government and the United States will go on as before; but deprive the Englishman of his government and he will be stunned." The Englishman's chief characteristic is individuality; he does not want to become part of an organization. The American is a cog in a big machine; the Englishman tries to be his own machine. If a union of the two peoples were brought about, it would only be by a fusion of these two ideas, the liberty of the Englishman and the democracy of the American.

a capacity for mass organization; deprive the American body of common citizens of their government and the United States will go on as before; but deprive the Englishman of his government and he will be stunned. The Englishman's chief characteristic is individuality; he does not want to become part of an organization. The American is a cog in a big machine; the Englishman tries to be his own machine. If a union of the two peoples were brought about, it would only be by a fusion of these two ideas, the liberty of the Englishman and the democracy of the American. Chesterton's statement "the American is a cog in a big machine" is true but only as far as it goes. There is too much human nature in all mankind for men to want to be just "cogs". An American may want to be a cog in a big machine but he usually wants to be the main part. America is stimulated by the spirit of competition.

els made up of individuals, that grind out the
of our nation; but these cogs are self-asserting
ieces of mechanism.

has been said of Chesterton that "Chesterton
nd Chesterton's God alone knew what he meant
e wrote certain novels"; he has the power of
a golden work and "planking it down with a
ing bang." For a minute the din deafens us to
ning, the thoughts run together and gradually it
velops into a definite mould. His personality
out between each line; there is genius in all the
nts of his work. He "shouts" everthing he has
and consequently for greater power he has to
o a "whisper." His style is permeated with
on and irony; his experiences are always convinc-

the theme of the "Flying Inn" we have a person-
n of liberty, ordinary men fighting against the
om of Lilliputian restrictions; the plain man
; the hosts of theorists and specialists who want
his manager.

ugh the medium of apparently insane fights
gments between two men, Chesterton in the

"Ball and the Cross" gives us a picture of flaming
faith, its defence and defiance.

In his "History of England" he gives us a bird's-eye
view of the great movements in English history; he
leaves out everything that plain historians put in. It
is amusing, perverse.

But above and beyond all these qualities of Chester-
ton his variety, power, sympathy, subtlety—there is
that rare quality among modern writers, spirituality.
He deals with man as a spiritual being and a Christian.
He looks upon the Catholic Church as a great reality
transcending the bounds of time and space, underlying
and inspiring every kind of human activity.

The glory of Chesterton is that he has kept the star
of faith flaming in our sky; he has defended it some-
times with the sword of wit, sometimes with the tech-
nique of the jester and sometimes with the white light-
ning of angry scorn. He loves the argument for its
own sake, and he constantly searches for something
on which to hang the mystery of time and eternity.

G. K. Chesterton can be counted on to sparkle per-
ennially with undiminished brilliance; we can yearly
renew our delight in his shapely perfection. Chester-
ton will have more than a transitory fame.



THE TEMPTATION

Rush on, thou wild and noisy waves,

Rush on!

Thy roar is lulling, soft, to hearts
Like mine that droop and pine for aye,—
That ache and pine and droop away
And sorrow all the livelong day.

Rush on, O waves! Rush on!

Rush on, thou wild and noisy waves,

Rush on!

Thy roar is music sweet to me.
It brings a calm, my soul it saves.
Thou noisy, angry, tumbling raves.

Rush on, O waves! Rush on!

Rush on, thou fierce and rugged waves,

Rush on!

But while I listen to thy throbs
I think, what sort of fool am I?
Despair begone! On hope rely!
Come peace and smooth my ruffled sigh.

Rush on, O waves! Rush on!

Rush on, thou toilsome, foamy waves,

Rush on!

But I for one will walk in peace
Upon life's rocky, troubled shore,
Content to live, and God adore,
To live in peace forever more.

Rush on, O waves! Rush on.

Rush on, thou everlasting waves,

Rush on!

To me a lesson thou hast taught.
Rush on, O waves, and others seek:
The strong, the healthy, and the weak,
And to their hearts thy message speak.

Rush on, O waves! Rush on!

The Court Room

By LOUIS RAMBOUR

and Its Spectators

IN this age of specialization, men are developing more and more apart from one another. They attain greater success, and do so more rapidly but it is lost to the world unless some means are devised to dedicate their achievements to the masses. Thus: A young physician finds a method by which he can cure a supposedly incurable disease, if he is able to treat it in its earliest stages. It will not benefit the layman unless he knows of the remedy and understands the seriousness of his condition. Similarly, one having a lawful claim against another may be prevented from obtaining legal relief if he neglects to consult an attorney in due time.

The university forms an excellent miniature analogy of our widespread specialization. Students attending the same university are unconscious of the great work done in other departments and have no suspicion of the manner in which they pursue their education. In the university the situation is often remedied by a policy of centralization of buildings, intra-mural contests and by extra-curricular activities in which all students take part.

In our economic organization we are denied this centralization, this close contact with every kind of specialist and it would therefore seem to devolve upon the specialist himself to bring his achievements to the masses.

The reported cases of every jurisdiction plainly disclose that courts of law are not adequately appreciated by the masses. If the relief sought in many instances were granted, our courts would be instruments of injustice rather than the institutions to promote it. Gossip, the press, and the grave undertones of jocular criticism also greatly assist in convincing us that the masses do not understand the legal profession.

If, then, we wish to ascertain wherein courts have failed to bring about a correct understanding of its purposes and functions, we must look to the manner by which courts are known to the laymen; we must examine the court room.

A STUDY of a trial of a lawsuit in the traditional furnished court room cannot but impress. Similarly the record of the proceeding, its accuracy in detail, awes us. The spectators seem to be the ones. We find them after entering the open door, they seem to invite them, all but completely disregard and believe this to be a problem, a proper solution which will make for a greater popularity of the judiciary. As the trial progresses the spectators ostensibly give the respect owing to the court and are for the most part decorous and apparently interested. Their primary interest, however, lies in the facts of the case, the credibility of the witnesses and only secondarily in the judgment. The speech of counsel to the jury is criticised from a standpoint of oratory which to a large extent is the decisive factor. The rejection of evidence is regarded as a technical formality founded on personal sentiment on the part of the magistrate.

If they do not remain for the entire trial, which usually do not, their inquiries are the following:

“Who got the decision?” “Who won the case?”

In thus forming their questions they indicate to a large extent a grave misconception of the law court. They regard them as places of personal encounter of opposing counsels whose victory is indicated by the judgment. Its judgment is, in fact, and or right should be known to them to be, a judicial determination of the rights of the parties to the suit. We cannot expect that forming their question in this manner that they may understand the judgment. A more accurate question might be:

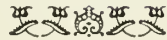
“Was there a violation of a legal right, such that a court of law would redress?”

THE suggested precision is by no means possible even among jurists, but plausibly one might argue that it would have desirable results. An intelligent investigation of the law rather than a close scrutiny of the evidence, or even a sincere inquiry of a jurist for the reason of the decision would make

understanding of the procedure and a keener
 ation of its difficulties. There is nothing to urge
 n. The daily press undertakes to give them an
 t of the proceeding. The reporter who writes the
 t is more dangerous spectator, perhaps, and we
 rn our attention momentarily to him.
 ring the systematic manner which all major en-
 es, today, are earing for proper publicity, we
 justification for courts not appointing one who
 stands the procedure and is able, in some manner,
 neile the decision with popular sentiment to re-
 for the masses. If the journalists would realize
 esponsibility they would not be so audacious in
 ring copy. They thrust into the hands of the edi-

tors, accounts of shyster practice, huge recoveries—in
 tort actions without properly explaining the fact that
 a jury of twelve men and not the court assessed the
 damages, and in this way preclude publication of sound
 decision and scholarly opinion.

We do not contend that spectators are altogether un-
 welcome but rather, modestly suggest, the court room
 door be made to swing less easily upon its hinges that
 it will not admit the curious gossip. Not for a reason
 so sentimental as one which would endeavor to protect
 a shy witness but rather in the interest of the popu-
 larity of the court in its appreciation by the masses in
 order to make for a more extensive and wholesome ad-
 ministration of justice.



Heroism

tion: What is heroism?
 ver:
 e greatest sacrifice, unknown,
 And not for man to see.
 heart that is left to grieve alone;
 A man on the angry sea.
 smile that comes through glistening tears,
 A silent, broken heat;
 weary cross borne through the years;
 A soul that dies apart.

—“Marlaine”

My Wish

I do not wish for a castle of gold,
 Or fortune to me be kind;
 But only that as I tread life's ways,
 I may keep the dreams I find,
 That I may hold them as shining and bright,
 Through life's changing joys and tears;
 That they will be mine where all else fails,
 To light my way through the years.

Anne McDougal, Duchesne

Ships That Pass

Must you be also
 A ship that will pass—
 Slipping away in the blue?
 Yet leaving behind
 On the short of regret,
 Bits of driftwood—
 A dream come true?

Anne McDougal, Duchesne

Contest Announcement

IN sponsoring a poetry-short story contest, Shadows has had a twofold object in view. First it provides an incentive for a certain amount of self expression on the part of members of the student body in those particular forms, and secondly it furnishes Shadows with material representative, we may hope, of the best literary efforts of the campus. Whether or not such a contest is a trite method of obtaining the object in view remains to be seen. However, we achieve the results at which we aim we shall be satisfied.

As has been announced previously, the contest is open to all students of the university who pay the activities fee. The English classes of the university especially are respectfully asked to help make the contest worth while. In order that the English classes may better devote time to the contest, the judges have been chosen outside that department. Dean H. von Schulte, Prof. John J. Donovan, and Prof. Donald J. Burke will judge the poetry contributions. Rev. T. J. Moore S. J., Prof. Chas. F. Bongardt and Prof. James A. Shanahan will select the best story.

The contributions to be eligible must conform to the following rules:

RULES OF SHADOWS' POETRY AND SHORT STORY CONTEST

1. The contest shall be open to all students of the University doing undergraduate work and paying the student activity fee. This includes the professional schools.
2. No member of Shadow's staff may compete.
3. Prizes:—First prize in Poetry section.....\$20.00
 Second prize in Poetry section.....\$10.00
 First prize in Short Story section.....\$20.00
 Second prize in Short Story section.....\$10.00
4. Contest open with present announcement, closes Saturday, April 2, 1927.
5. Manuscript must be original, hitherto unpublished, in ink or typewritten, and not to exceed 3000 words.
6. Each contestant may submit as many manuscripts as desired. There is no restriction regarding the subjects. Verse may be in any form.
7. The manuscripts may be handed to any Shadows representative or to Miss Brown in the library any time before April 2.
8. Each manuscript must be signed with a pen name only and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the pen name and the real name of the author.
9. Each judge shall select a best manuscript. The three best so selected to be judged finally for first and second prizes and honorable mention.
10. All manuscripts submitted are to become exclusive property of Shadows. The prize-winning manuscripts are to be published in the graduation number of the magazine.



A NEW LIGHT ON SHADOWS

WHEN a new staff takes charge of a magazine, especially a college magazine, it is the ambition of each member of that staff to do his part to make the magazine just a bit better than it has been in the past. The present incoming staff of Shadows hopes to maintain the high standard the magazine has set in the past, and if possible to improve upon it. Whether or not we do that is a matter to be seen in the next four numbers.

We have at the very outset changed some things which have been the custom and have made some innovations. To some, our policy may be conservative, to others it may appear radical. However it be, we are doing only those things which we believe will make Shadows more truly representative of the university. As we see it, a university magazine, to be truly representative of the school, must reflect, without distortion or exaggeration, without careful, artificial selection or gross lack of appreciation of literary values, the life and thought of those who make up the university—both faculty and students.

And so, in the numbers to come, we shall attempt not to give a photographic nor a realistic portrait of the university mind but rather by a sidelight here and there on the various activities, to present impressionistic pictures of the pleasures and labors of the humor and romance of university life.



The Situation In Mexico

By G. PETER SKOW

SUBSCRIBERS who send in letters to our daily newspapers often say illuminating things. Some weeks ago there were a number of letters in the Public Pulse section of the Omaha World-Herald on the Mexican situation. As most of these letters took the stand that Mexico was wrong, they received but passing attention from me, but one day there appeared a letter which defended Mexico's actions. In commenting upon the Mexican situation, I will use this letter as a skeleton upon which to base my observations. The letter follows:

Grand Island, Nebraska—To the Editor of the World-Herald: In a letter appearing in yesterday's issue, a certain Mr. Malone attempted to show that Mexico is a nation under the influence of Russia, which disregards every personal and religious right which this country so prizes. In reply, let me ask him to look up Encyclopedia Britannica, volume XVIII, and new series II; and to read the recent issues of Current History in regard to the recent religious and land regulations. The only trouble with Mexico is that it is original in refusing to be controlled by Wall street on the one hand, or the pope on the other. If people like Mr. Malone would look up the facts instead of making so many brilliant assertions, so many silly mistakes would not be made. (Signed) E. M. B.

In spite of this gentleman's utter disregard for all rules of logic and debate in that explosion, the missive set me to work at finding out the facts of the case, both from the references he so kindly gave, and from a few others for good measure.

It seems as though the situation in Mexico has arisen from two sets of laws: those referring to property and to sub-oil resources, and those regulating religion.

In 1917 a new constitution containing a provision for the nationalization of all sub-soil resources was drawn up and put into effect. This provision was especially designed to break the petroleum monopoly then held by British and American capitalists. As might be expected, they protested, both privately and through their governments, holding that the measure was confiscatory and subversive of rights acquired under the old constitution of 1857.

In 1919, several oil companies, by threatening to cease production, forced Carranza to concede them the

privilege of operating in disregard of the constitution but not of any provision or treaty which might exist in the future.

While this was going on, the Agrarian laws were being passed. These laws endowed the government with power to appropriate and redistribute lands among the natives, for the purpose of increasing agriculture and creating a class of native owners. These laws were confiscatory and as such protested by other nations.

SOME sort of an agreement was necessarily accordingly, in 1923, the representative of the United States and of Mexico convened for a treaty. An agreement was reached on August 14, 1923, known as the Warren-Payne-Ross-Roa agreement. The main provisions were:

1. Property containing subsoil resources owned by American citizens before May 1, 1917, was not to be touched by article 27 of the constitution.

2. Property appropriated by the Mexican government under the Agrarian laws was to be paid out in thirty days, either in money or in bonds.

3. The lives and property of individual American citizens were to be respected.

On this treaty we based our recognition of the Mexican government. Now the complaint has reached from American citizens that the Mexican government has not been conforming to the terms of the treaty.

I hold no brief for the big oil interests, probably are exploiting Mexico just as they are exploiting other countries. But Mexico in making those laws is looking out a great deal of foreign capital which might wisely come in, and which might be helpful to Mexico. And in making those laws there is no recourse for the small capitalist, the "little fellow," if you please these same laws. Many people of less resources have invested in Mexican land. They have been affected by the Agrarian laws more than the oil interests. They have not the resources with which to retaliate.

It would not be so bad if Mexico had contracted under her agreement, but Mexico has not. John Clayton, correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, wrote on August 8, 1926:

one clause of the agreement has been fulfilled. An five hundred notes calling the attention of Mexican government have been sent by American ambassador James Sheffield. The answers have been exception evasions or direct refusals to act. We have nothing but broken promises, and the fact that American property and lives will continue to be disregarded. The state department is in possession of information which if published would bring the country overnight from a position of indifference or favor, to one of antagonism to Calles.

The constitution of 1917 also contained certain regulations, which were more or less an outgrowth of those in the old constitution of 1857. The old constitution had restricted religion to a great degree, under Diaz enforcement had been lax and the clergy had liberty within certain circumscribed limits, which the clergy were content to act.

Under the new constitution made sterner restrictions on the clergy were prohibited:

- own church real estate, or mortgages on the same;
- own church buildings, or any other buildings;
- possess invested funds or any other productive property;
- build or maintain convents or nunneries;
- conduct primary schools;
- conduct schools of higher education or seminaries;
- direct or administer charitable institutions;
- hold religious ceremonies outside of church buildings;
- clothe themselves in a distinctive garb;
- criticize the laws, the authorities in particular, or the government in general;
- vote, hold office, or to assemble for political purposes.

A foreign-born man is allowed to become a priest or a religious officer of any kind; religious officials are forbidden to comment on political affairs; official permission must be obtained from the government before opening a new church for worship. The state legislature is to determine the number of ministers for each of the creeds of the

conflict between church and state naturally results in this. In 1924 the papal delegate, Monsignor G. J. ... was expelled. On May 14, 1926, George Canana, ... delegate, was expelled. On July 1, religious laws were passed for the purpose of enforcing the constitutional provisions, and heavy penalties were placed on those who violated them.

The Catholic church stood on its dignity and stated that if the religious provisions were not repealed, it would be found necessary to suspend all public services, which it did the first of August, 1926.

In defending his stand, Calles states that he is not attacking religion, or even the Catholic religion, but he is merely placing it under control by setting for it a few simple and harmless regulations. These regulations, at first sight, may seem harmless enough, but let us examine more closely into them and see what they really mean.

The Church is not allowed to own the building in which it holds its services. This places it where it cannot have freedom of worship. It can never be certain that the government will not at some time take away the buildings and leave the church in a state in which it can do nothing to help either itself or its people. The church cannot own church real estate or mortgages on the same, cannot possess invested funds, or any productive property. Money is the wheels of any organization, and the church is no exception. In this simple regulation, the Mexican government has tried to deprive the church of the right to maintain itself, for without invested funds, productive property, mortgages and the like, the Church, or any other body cannot long exist, or at best it will be a mendicant organization, helpless, hopeless.

The clergy cannot conduct primary schools. Calles says that this is merely a manifestation of a national spirit, that parochial schools are a detriment to the country. But the public schools do not supply one legitimate demand: that the students be taught some religious belief. The teachers in public schools are not even allowed to utter the name God. What Calles meant to say was that he wanted the young of Mexico to grow up atheists.

The state legislature is to determine the number of ministers for each creed. With this regulation as a weapon, the state legislature can so limit the number of priests that the Church will not be able to do its work properly. A good working example of this is found in one of the Mexican states which allows one priest to every one thousand Catholics.

THE clergy cannot conduct schools of higher education or seminaries. No foreign-born man may become a priest or any other religious officer. Here is where the serpent raises his head! Here is where the insidious nature of the laws is revealed. On the one hand the church cannot have a native clergy because they cannot have seminaries; on the other hand, the Church cannot have foreign clergy because the law specifically does not allow it. If this is not a deliberate attempt to destroy the church, and to destroy religion, what, pray,

is it? It is an attempt to so control the Church that it may be put out of existence. For if you deprive a church of its ministry, you have deprived it of its machinery, and therefore of its workability, and its life.

And then to reap the climax, the clergy are not allowed to better their own condition by any legal means. The fact of ordination bars a man from voting, holding office, assembling for political purposes, or even of criticising the governmental policies. He does not even have freedom of the press, for no religious periodical is allowed to comment on such things. In other words, the Mexican government says to the clergy: "You cannot hope to better your condition by legal means, because you cannot vote or have any of the privileges that an ordinary citizen has. Therefore if you try any means to better your condition, you must resort to extra-legal, and treasonous methods, in which we will have a clear case against you and we may then proclaim ourselves to the world as justified in driving you out altogether." This is a deliberate attempt against the Church, and against religion in general. When these provisions are placed side by side the fact is all too obvious. What Calles wants to do is to rob the people of practically the only thing they have left after years of revolution—their religion—so that he and his clan might do as they please.

CALLES, moreover, is not merely fighting one creed. He is not merely combating the Catholic church. The constitution makes no distinctions. All creeds, whether Catholic, Anglican, Methodist or Salvation Army are included. If Calles wins his fight against the Catholic Church, he will turn on the others with the same excuses that he is now using. In fact he has already expelled the Anglican Episcopate.

Calles also says that he is merely enforcing the constitution. But, what is a constitution? What is its purpose, its use?

The Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States on the Religious situation in Mexico states on page 9:

"A constitution is an instrument which enumerates and defines the rights and duties of government, distributes its powers, prescribes the manner of their exercise, and limits them to the end that the liberties of the citizens may be preserved. Since the purpose of the government is to protect human rights, not to destroy them, it follows that the charter by which a government operates cannot contain a grant of unlimited power. For the exercise of such power would be tyranny, inasmuch as it would tend to destroy rights which both the natural and positive laws of God place beyond the jurisdiction of men. Hence in the commonly accepted American doctrine, a constitution vests the government

with such rights and powers as are necessary for the proper exercise of its just functions, and at the same time forbids it to encroach upon rights of a higher order which come to men, not from the people, not from the state, nor from any aggregation of states but from God."

I have shown that the Mexican Constitution lacks these very liberties, and therefore does not fulfil the purpose of a constitution.

Therefore in summary, I say that briefly the situation or rather the G X Q of the Mexican situation is:

1. Calles intimates that the oil interests are the losers by the Agrarian laws. But he forgets that where the "little fellow" is taken care of. He fails to explain why Mexico has to conform to agreements, oil interests or not.

2. Calles says that the Catholic Church is too weak politically. But it is a fact that for fifty years the Catholic Church has not been politically powerful. If the Catholic Church is so powerful, why was not Diaz in office? Why was Calles elected over his conservative adversary?

3. Calles says that he is merely regulating the Church. But what regulations! Those regulations were designed to kill the Church.

4. These regulations are merely part of a general religious program. The constitution makes no exceptions. The Anglican Episcopate has already been expelled, others will follow soon.

5. Calles says that Parochial schools are a thing of the past. An old Latin proverb says "De mortibus non loquor," Calles has changed it to "De mortibus nisi hokum." After killing the parochial schools he slanders them by what is best described as a lie spelled with a capital. What Calles wants is a generation of atheists. No schools have been more conspicuously loyal as parochial schools.

This briefly is the Mexican situation. At the present time, both in regard to the Agrarian and land laws and in regard to the religious regulations.

UNDER THE ELMS

Seems though I'd like to lie
Beneath an Elm tree when I die
And know its arms were bending o'er
Its roots about my earthly core
Embracing me forevermore.

—Allen Ardell.

In the chill of the morning, and the heat of the day
In the cool of the evening is the time we should pray
For the prayers that in life are sent up to God
Will do the most good when we lie 'neath the sod
—"Marlaine"



From the new head "Silhou-jests" do not infer that these jokes are shady. They are 99.45 per cent pure—bunk.

It Is a Trick

Q: Place a word five successive times in a sentence and still have it make sense.

A: The proprietor of a store was having a sign made for Brown and Co. It didn't look well so he told the painter to put a hyphen between Brown "and, and, and, and, and," Co.

Q: Why did MacCabe go home mad because he bought a ticket at the football game and the teams played a tie?

Q: The best man always wins, but beat this: We saw a man throwing dollar bills to a Jewish waiter and the waiter was picking them up and returning them.

Q: There goes Mr. Wurst—he made his pile in hot

Q: What do you do at: Oh, so he owns a string of stands?
A: No—dance halls.

The Definition of a Playlet

Q: A negro gifted with a remarkable memory was working in the field when the devil appeared.

Q: Do you like eggs?

A: Yes.

Q: I. Thirty years later same scene as Act I.

Q: How?

A: Fried.

An Epic

Grandpa in a speedy car
Pushed the throttle down too far
Twinkle twinkle little star
Music by the G. A. R.

Better and Safer

It is better to have loved and lost than to have taken a deaf, dumb and blind date.

And That Is Not the Half

Lady: Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?
The Other L. B. (not L. L. B.): Yes'm, I know it, but then he is just learning.

Oh Permandemoyne, did I tell you about my horse-back ride yesterday? The horse kept insisting on running and I wanted him to go slow so I got sore and walked home.

Dodo: My girl has an expensive habit—she chews.

Dumdum: How do you figure that is so expensive.

Dodo: When I have just enough money to go to the Circle she'll chew the Brandeis.

An opportunity for a bright student. Since "Life" and "Liberty" are having such success in the magazine field, "The Pursuit of Happiness" should do well, too.

Suggested menu for the law school's
annual Good Fellowship banquet.

Soup
(without any heirs in it)
Small shredded equities Ease-mints
Finan Habeas Corpus
Legal tender steak a jus gentium
(to be very lien and seasoned with subpoenas)
Stalks of green heritage Bars of nut-hearsays
Fresh green pleas
The trusts of bread Baked apple torts
Covenan Tea
or
Cof Fee

Supplementary Hints for Table Etiquette

(To be pasted in the hat and used on all formal
occasions)

Soup should be eaten, not syphoned with the largest
concave receptacle on the right of your plate, excluding
the palm of your hand. If the ordinary soup spoon does
not suffice ask the hostess for her largest gravy ladel.
If at a yacht club a hollow canoe paddle will do the
trick.

If garlic is served with the meal ask to have it smoth-
ered with dressing and if you are a gentleman you will
let it stay smothered. On the contrary if you date brun-
nettes you will clasp the roots with both elbows and
without the least sign of emotion from the duct glands
you will lift it to the garbage can with a pithy remark
such as "Tell the man we don't want any."

Above all don't confuse situations by eating the
leaves of celery thinking perhaps you are in an exam
room with some pages torn from the text in your hand
and the prof starting down the aisle to see what it is.

When served your demi tasse by the waiter do not
whisper for coffee—if you must ask for something ask
for a straw.

Not in the Beanery

There was a young man from Winona
Who by chance tore his roomy's kimono.

The big husky roared
"You'll mend it by Goard."

"You bonehead," he chirped, "ain't I gonna."

Better Dead Than Dissolutioned

6 P. M. Tramp: Madam, I'm starving. Can you give
me something to eat?

6:01 P. M. Old Maid: I'll give you a good supper but
first you must kiss me.

6:30 P. M.: Policeman finds body of tramp on old
maid's door step.

Testimonials from Our Ad Users

Dear Mr. Curem:

Before using your Listerine I had halitosis so
I hired myself out by the hour to fumigate old
Now after using eight bottles of Nismel I have a
position in private homes replacing the use of ba
by blowing in the gentlemen's morning tub.

Gladys Gladean

Gentlemen:

Before using your wonderful Asthma-cure I had
a terrible time getting my breath. Now I get so mu
I have a job in a filling station blowing up balloo

Philip De F

Brethren:

Before taking your wonderful health-
I couldn't stand to do house work. After two she
that first bottle I couldn't do it at all, stand
sitting.

Mrs. Iben Downer

Dear Sour:

Before using your Locks-mange I had no mo
on my head than a hen has teeth. After two bot
your wonderful remedy I was mistaken for
Borah so often I turned republican.

A Grateful Politic

Kind Sirs:

Four months ago I had more warts on my fa
Harvard has reasons for not playing Princeto
after four applications of your wonderful A
Banishing Cream every wart has disappeared
with my nose and right eye.

Freda Warz

Lawyer: Tell the court and jury where you
exactly five-twenty on the afternoon of the mu

Witness: On the corner of 24th and Lake as
man a question.

Lawyer: Aha, so you have such a wonderfu
that you can identify the time with a questio
stranger. Just what was this said question?

Witness: I asked him what time it was.

Bashful

A bashful young man was courting a girl, but
so backward in his love making that she began to
impatient. Finally, one night, he summoned up
age to put his arm about her.

"Do you think I'm making progress?" he as

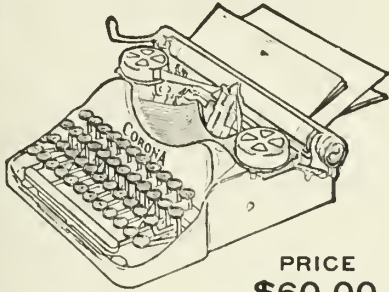
"Well, at least you're holding your own," vs
reply.

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Stew Bitter

Customer: I want some consolated rye.

Suggist: You mean concentrated lye.

Customer: It does nutmeg any difference. That's
not I camphor. What does it sulphur?

Suggist: Fifteen cents. I have never cinnamon with
much wit.

Customer: Ya auto hear my brother ammonia novice

me: Why was Joe College thrown in jail?

le: The other night he went into my room and took
glasses and—

me: Oh, larceny or breaking and entering.

ide: No, I lent them to him but they didn't fit his
. He went down to Kelpines, saw a girl there with
my decoration on her hat and mistook it for mis-
pe.

ime: Oh, pinched for aiding the delinquency of a
or.

ime: No. She was married—her husband came over

ime: Oh, I see—fighting and disturbing the peace.

ide: No, her husband clipped him on the button and
ed him out of the place and a cop came along and
sted him for obstructing a public sidewalk.

Just Like Her

So you're spending the evening alone?"

Yes, my wife ran over to the neighbors for a
ute."

Why did Murgatroyde flunk?

can't explain it, dearie, but he thought that the
dent Prince was a bundle of Creightonians.

ime-out: I can't find a definition for funeral home.

ime-in: Look under corp-oration.

Had Your Iron Today?

"Yeh," moaned the old timer dining in a restaurant,
"yeh, this is a spring chicken all right. I just bit into
one of the springs.—Kansas Sour Owl.

Pin Problem

"I can't find a single pin! Where do they all go to,
anyway?"

"It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one
direction and they are headed in another."

TAKING THE SHIFT OUT OF FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 8)

MOST of the statements by academic men concern-
ing over-emphasis and commercializing in foot-
ball a rise from disgruntled individuals whose sons, per-
haps, get hurt in an automobile accident and attribute
it to football, or fail in classes while on the third team
and then excuse themselves by saying football was too
much of a distraction. Any number of petty reasons
can be given, and they are not without foundation.

Despite criticism, protests, and frequent changes in
the rules, I believe the game will continue in popularity
and retain, at least, the same dimensions in the colleges
and universities that it now has. Professional football
threatened the college game for a time and was, in-
deed, the greatest menace, but disreputable promoters
have killed professional football and now there is
nothing to be feared from that angle. It is the one great
amateur game, and without the spirit of youth and
love of vigorous sport, no player or team can play it as
it is designed to be played. It is not only an important
part of college life, but it has drawn in all classes of
people from every vocation, and as long as the present
mode of living exists and the trend of American
thought remains unchanged, football will continue to
occupy the most prominent and popular position in all
sportdom.



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Omaha, Nebraska.

Jim Mace School for M. D.'s

Q: How do you determine whether or not a patient is dead?

A: If a man, hold a mirror to his mouth and if he alive his breath will cloud the mirror.

If a woman, hold a mirror to her eyes and if she alive she will immediately reach for a powder puff.

I understand one of the English professors said his language was spoken by eight hundred million people. Oh, that's a gross exaggeration.

Father: What are you reading, son?

After-one-year-at-Sewanee: Reading the bible.

Father: It looks like the telephone book to me.

A. O. Y. A. S.: Correct, old pater. It's the book of numbers.

"HAVE YOU GOT IT?" WHAT? SPRING FEVER

(Continued from Page 9)

of interest in anything that begins with "w," and ends in "k" and has "or" in between. This sounds like a cross-word puzzle at first warble, but so does algebra, bacteriology and legal bib to the spring fever victim. It produces in the male victim a desire for female companionship and vice-versa (merely a guess). It makes the misogynist a stage door Johnny. It makes the ordinary frat house resident think that every girl whose eye lights on is as beautiful as an Arab's dream-babe. It makes eating a task, sleeping a job, and studying an unendurable nightmare. It makes every co-ed think—Yes, Oswald, they do think—that dental students, going to college and every Commerce freshman is a Communist in the "making" even though he be destined to become out a Berry or a Ben Turpin. When you start looking through your private phone book on March 1st or shortly thereafter, you're getting spring fever. When you start changing your spare dollars into nickels, you've got it. When you start an evening poring over your epistemological concepts and end up by dreaming of rented Fords, shady lanes, silver roads as mellow as a certain brand of cheese I could name but can't spell, roses, hyacinths, and petunias as fragrant as last month's socks, and verdant grass as green as a next year's freshman, you've got it so badly that even Dr. Pearce's Golden Medical Discovery can't cure you.

As for the cure, they ain't no such animal, at least a M. A. graduate would so naively term it. You can't be vaccinated against spring fever, and there is no powder, ointment, or serum that can reach the set

le. The only thing that I know of that is at all special in alleviating its tortures is the rest cure. Ask you, what use has a college student for a cure?

That there seems to be something radically wrong in the medical profession. It seems as though the doctors have long neglected this all too prevalent cause of that "run-down" feeling. If they really had the interests of an all-suffering populace at heart, they would lay aside for a time the relatively unimportant subjects of cancer, hay-fever, and housemaid's knee to devise a successful and permanent cure for spring

the erring members of the profession concoct a cure that could cure spring fever, or even give temporary relief during the months of March, April, and May, they would be doing a great missionary work, and in the event of such a discovery, the Christian Scientists would flop over in great gobs. But can you blame the mental physicians for thinking that there's a profit in going to this medicine racket, when they see through their eyes, a bleary-eyed populace—from cigarette-smoking adults of five to cooing "babies" of eighty—suffering from disabling sickness during that time when they should be best physically fit to enjoy the beauties of nature and the beauty of the sparrow's

There is no avoiding spring fever, no standing cure, no method of curing it in sight as yet, our only recourse is in the rest cure. Or perhaps we might take our medicine from the suffering by thinking of the final exertions. But what's the use? We're too tuckered out to be ready to try to think, so pass me another cup of gas tea. Ugh! That's bitter!

BIGGER AND BETTER

(Continued from Page 28)

bar at close to six feet, with the chances good that eight will be better later. Watke rises to still greater heights in the interests of Creighton in the pole-

the weights, the reasons are mightier. "Shoes" McNor, "Tiny" McDonnell, "Big Ed" McKenna, and most of others are advocates of the principle—"It is Right."

All the appearances point to a "bigger and better" track team, a team destined to carry the name of Creighton outside the sooty atmosphere of Omaha. The same index finger which indicates future track trophies is levelled at the Student's Union Trophy where additional track trophies will soon lie in

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Everything
the Dentist Uses

Track has often been recommended as a body er, health-giver, and longevity-ensurer. Such men Strongfort, G. Leiderman and others of photog fame may have turned to the developing of physiques merely because "they did not want called sissies." But to those students who cannot to pay around fifty copies of a well-known uncl cuniary publication for a physical culture cou mail and who are ashamed of the appearance they in the shower room, Professor Wynne offers a of entertainment with plenty of practical appli that guarantees to improve them physically, me morally, or what have you! His class is held eac in the stadium, and in it are accomplished more than by the I-ON-CO. In other words, track will you the clear-eyed, clean-limbed, handsome dev read about in some of our most popular magazine novels.

Below the readers have at their disposal the a records established on the track and in the field dividual members of Creighton track teams:

100 yd. dash—"Sas" Keane at the 1926 Dakc lays. Time 9.9 sec.

220 yd. dash—"Sas" Keane during 1926 intra meet. Time 22.2 sec.

440 yd. run—O. H. Flint at 1926 Frosh Telegr meet. Time 51.5 sec.

880 yd. run—Cleyon Stewart at 1924 Olympi outs. Time 1:55.3 min.

1 mile—J. A. Trautman at 1925 C. U.-S. D. dual Time 4:35.2 min.

2 miles—W. Schmidt at 1926 N. C. C. meet. 10:17.8 min.

220 yd. low hurdles—S. Keane at 1926 N. C. C. Time 25.4 sec.

120 yd. high hurdles—Wm. Van Cleve at 1926 Mural. Time 16.4 sec.

High jump—J. McAloon, Frosh Telegraphic Height 6 feet.

Pole vaule—L. Watke, Frosh Telegraphic Height 11 ft. 8 in.

Broad jump—S. Keane, 1926 N. C. C. meet. tance 22 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Shot put—M. Krasne, 1926 Intra-Muarl meet. tance 41 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.

Discuss—D. Somers, Frosh Telegraphic meet. tance 121 ft.

Half mile relay—Set by freshman team compos B. Reed, W. Solomon, N. Becker, O. Flint at 1926 C. meet. Time 1.32.

Mile relay—Set by the same team at the 1926 C. meet. Time 3.29.

THE SINNER

et, thou man! Oh, calm thou soul!
 tis thy agony.
 my are years thou now hast lived
 in sin thy company.
 keep you now? Oh fearless man?
 whom no laws were laid?
 te you hereso weak and pale?
 a man self made?
 ew nogod but flesh and sin,
 terror standeth nigh.
 y companions:
 raise the goblet high,
 is is the end of everything,
 just your time to die.
 et, what's death? Why, it's just to die,
 millions have of yore.
 t grim thought you have sneered and jeered;
 have my fun before."
 ose now man,—'Tis gripping thee,
 soon thy voice will fail.
 ow thy crowd of merrysouls
 ell, cans't not bewail.
 hou man! Cans't thou not feel
 strong limbs soon will fail?
 ou not forth to the old grillroom
 one last round of sin.
 rail man, thy hearing fails
 in thine ears the din
 of death, grim death,
 x out beyond the present day
 d the door of death.
 not thy futile curses fall
 y last dying breath.

ye to me who laboreth
 r burdened heavily,"
 spake the gentle Nazarene
 ede calm Galilee.
 o thy head though crowned with vice
 orse will soon erase
 adow of a mis-spent life.
 oair must find no place.
 ind despair doth work an ill
 eh sorrow will not aid.
 tion,—then strike out again.
 past away is laid.
 kip, not down. Death does not end
 h life which thou dost love
 n thy trust,—repent,—reform,
 n heart and eyes above
 eace will reign within thy soul,
 centment drive out pain.
 ust is dead,—'tis not reborn.
 ce, be a man again!

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THE BLOTTO BOYS AT BUTTON HALL

(Continued from Page 25)

Tom, to break the ice, turned out the lights and under cover of the darkness Dick slyly squeezed Dora's hand.

"Oh Richard," breathed Dora, "You are so strong." Dick could not at first quite gather what she meant and so he fidgeted for his dance card and located an onion in his pocket that had evidently been placed there by maybe a bully.

"Excuse me Dora," cried Dick, rising to his feet. Rising to his feet was quite a job in itself, as Dick had more than once been advised to have them gutted at the stock yards. Then Dick immediately went in search of Dan Disaster, who was leaning against the wall, and scowling like a mule eating cactus.

"Dan," cried Dick, "You placed this onion in my pocket for no good purpose and so I am going to string you out like wet clothes on a Monday wash line."

"Don't you thump me," snivelled the bully, "for I've got something to tell you."

But here let us take leave of our dear friends, and if you wish to find out what Dan had to tell Dick, you may purchase the two-hundred and thirty-seventh volume of the Famous Blotto Boys series, "Who Killed Cock Robin or How Old Is Ann?"

WHEN THE IDOL FALLS—?

(Continued from Page 14)

"Come in." It was Jane.

"A special delivery, Madam."

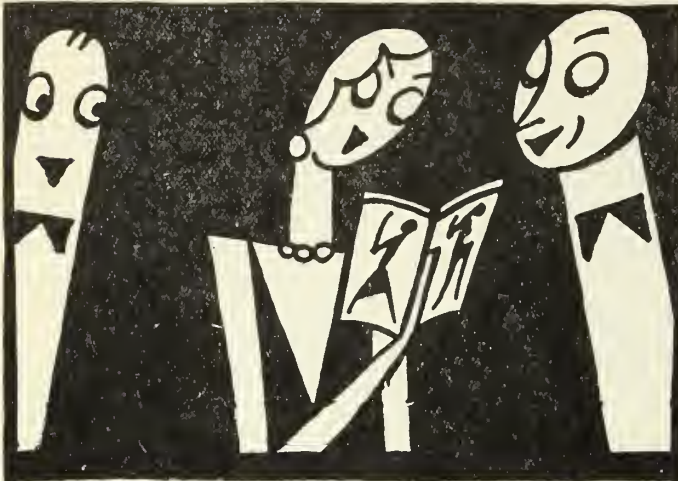
"Oh, sign for it Jane, and put it on my dresser. And Jane, I don't wish to be disturbed again."

IT was probably another tiresome letter of congratulation. Nevertheless, she walked over to the dresser and glanced at the envelope. Why this was not only a "Special," it was registered as well. She picked up the long business envelope only to discover that there was a similar one underneath addressed to her husband. Once more a "return" arrested her attention. "Graham & Morton, Attorneys at Law, Salt Lake City, Utah."

"I don't know anyone in Salt Lake, there must be some misake." She hastily tore open the letter and read:

"Dear Madam:

On opening the will of the late Mr. John Webb, your mother's uncle, we find that you have been named sole heir to his vast estates. There are many important business affairs that require your immediate attention. Shall we send on a special



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representative, or would you prefer to come Salt Lake City? As your husband has been named administrator, it would be much more satisfactory if you could both come at once."

Cele reread the letter. Her mind was working quickly. She had proved herself a good actress last night, she would act another part now. She turned to pack her bag, and in less than an hour she was dressed in her most becoming tailored suit—Aunt always admired her in that outfit. When she heard a key turn in the door, "Here he is," she thought, "I'll meet him accidentally." She picked up her travel bag and started down the stairs but paused on the landing to adjust her little felt hat at the mirror hanging over the telephone desk.

Al saw her. He turned deathly pale, then came down the stairs three at a time.

"Cele," he gasped, where are you going?"

"I am leaving for Salt Lake City. I wonder if you will be good enough to take me to the train. I'll get there early as I have not yet secured my baggage. Her tone was icy cold.

"Cele," he pleaded, don't go. Don't leave me. I want to make things straight. I need you to help me."

"Will you do what I asked you to do?"

"I'll do anything you want me to do. But, please, leave me. I had no idea you felt like this. I don't want to lose you."

"Will you do it today?" Her voice was stern.

"Today is Sunday, Cele. I'll do it tomorrow."

"You must do it today—now. Mr Hall has been waiting for your 'phone."

Al turned on his heel and hastily took up the receiver.

"Kenwood 7967"

"Yes, please"

"Mr. Hall there?"

"Hello, Hall?"

"This is Allen Handler speaking. Secure the first thing in the morning \$50,000 worth of Alaska Stock from Bruce Brodie"

"Yes, Brodie, nobody else"

"Yes, I know that, but I want the stock anyhow."

"For a client who does not want his name mentioned I'll send the check over by special messenger. If you say, my name is not to appear in this transaction, I'll understand. Yes. Goodby."

Handler took out his check book, then turned more to the telephone and called a messenger.

When he stood up, Cele threw her arms around her husband's neck and looked into his face with a happy smile.

"Well, are you still going to Salt Lake?"

"Yes, dear. We are both going."

She handed him the letter.

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